

F-46.103

~~W349~~ psal

1857



THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;

Psalm.

1.

C. M

Psalm.

I.

S. M.

But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever bless'd,
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands
Nor takes the scorers' place.
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet!
- 6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

Psalm.

I.

L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ the morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord:
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure, pond'ring o'er his Word.

- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.
- 6 "Strait is the way my saints have trod;
I bless'd the path, and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain."

(Translated according to the Divine pattern, Acts
iv. 24, &c.)

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

- 1 **[M]**AKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;

Psalm.

1.

Psalm.

2.

S. M.

psalm.

2.

- He that hath raised him from the dead
 Hath own'd him for his Son.—(*Pause.*)
- 6 Now he's ascended high,
 And asks to rule the earth,
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
 A large inheritance;
 Far as the world's remotest ends
 His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel
 Must feel his iron rod;
 He'll vindicate those honours well
 Which he received from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
 And worship at his throne;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place;
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

psalm.

2.

C. M.

- Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.*
- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below;
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
 And raise him from the dead;
 I make my holy hill his throne,
 And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 The utmost heathen lands:

Thy rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel that withstands."

Psalm.

2.

- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

Psalm.

2.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their powers engage,
His dear Anointed to destroy?
- 2 "Come let us break his bands," they say;
"This man shall never give us laws;"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 "I will maintain the King I made
On Zion's everlasting hill;
My hand shall bring him from the dead,
And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."
- 5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
The utmost bounds of heathen lands:
To thee the northern isles shall bow."]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;

psalm.

2.

His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen work is broke.—*Pause.*

8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die:
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

psalm.

3.

C. M.

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

- 6 What though the hosts of death and hell | **Psalm.**
 All arm'd against me stood?
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
 My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
 While I thy glory sing;
 My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
 And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
 His arm alone can save:
 Blessings attend thy people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes,
 In this weak state of flesh and blood!
 My peace they daily discompose,
 But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
 To thee I raised an evening cry;
 Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
 I laid me down, and slept secure:
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night:
 Salvation doth to God belong:
 He raised my head to see the light,
 And makes his praise my morning song.

Hearing of prayer.

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,
 Hear and attend when I complain;
 Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
 Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
 To turn my glory into shame;

Psalm.**3.**

L. M.

Ver.

1—5, 8

Psalm.**4.**

L. M.

Psalm.

4.

L. M.

Ver.

1—3,

5—7.

How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside!

He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

Psalm.

An Evening Psalm.

4.

C. M.

Ver.

3—5, 8.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;

I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
And, when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Psalm.

5.

C. M.

For the Lord's-day morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.—(*Pause.*)
- 6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter, with a base design
To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd:
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

Psalm.

Complaint in sickness.

6.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
 Withdraw the dreadful storm;
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot
 Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppress'd;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
 I waste the night with cries,
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more?
 Mine eye consumed with grief?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thine hand afford relief?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
 He pities all our groans;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
 Restores our fainting breath;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord.
 Nor is he known in death.

Psalm.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

6.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
 O let it not against me rise.
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how I pass my weary days
 In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night

- My bed is water'd with my tears;
 My grief consumes and dims my sight.
 4 Look, how the powers of nature mourn!
 How long, Almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall I make thy grace my song?
 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
 My thoughts are tempted to despair;
 But graves can never praise the Lord,
 For all is dust and silence there.
 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
 And all despairing thoughts depart;
 My God, who hears my humble moan,
 Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

God's care of his people.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,
 My hope in thee, my God:
 Rise, and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.
 2 With insolence and fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey,
 When no deliv'rer's near.
 3 If I had e'er provoked them first,
 Or once abused my foe,
 Then let him tread my life to dust,
 And lay mine honour low.
 4 If there be malice hid in me,
 (I know thy piercing eyes,)
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.
 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power control;
 Awake to judgment, and command
 Deliv'rance for my soul.—*Pause.*
 6 [Let sinners, and their wicked rage,
 Be humbled to the dust;

Psalm.

6.

Psalm.

7.

C. M

Psalm.

7.

- Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?
7 He knows the heart, He tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.
8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]
9 That cruel, persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord!

Psalm.

8.

S. M.

- God's sovereignty and goodness.*
1 **O** LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;
3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?
4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.
5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:

Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Psalm.

7 Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8.

8 O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heaven they shine.]

Christ's condescension and glorification.

Psalm.

1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!

8.

The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

C. M.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

5 [Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;

psalm.

8.

Now, we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bowed his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus our Lord, how wondrous great,
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

psalm.

8.

The hosanna of children.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver. 1, 2,

Para-
phrased.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
'To still the bold blasphemers' rage,
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

psalm.

8.

*Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new
creation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at
Adam the offspring of the dust, [first.

- That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?
- 3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state?
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born?
- 4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Wrath and Mercy from the judgment-seat.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song;
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,

Psalm.

8.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

3, &c.

Para-
phrased.

Psalm

9.

C. M.

Part I

Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

Psalm.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

9.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver. 12.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise!
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.
- 4 Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd
The snare must be their own.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

Prayer heard, and Saints saved.

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?
- 3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor?
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high. (*Pause.*)
- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
“The God of heaven will ne’er engage
To fight on Zion’s side”?
- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish’d from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world to fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,

Psalm.

10.

C. M.

Psalm.

11.

Psalm.

11.

L. M.

- “ Fly like a tim’rous, trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly”?
- 2 If government be all destroy’d,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence makes justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heav’n has fix’d his throne.
His eye surveys the world below :
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear !
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death ;
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

Psalm.

12.

L. M.

- The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil times.*
- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away ;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet,
Is fill’d with trifles loose and vain ;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long ;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt’ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 “ Yet shall our words be free,” they cry ;
“ Our tongues shall be controll’d by none :

Psalm.

12.

Where is the Lord will ask us why?
Or say our lips are not our own?"

- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shine so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners.

Psalm

13.

C. M

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
"Are not our lips our own?" they cry;
"And who shall be our Lord?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,
- 6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not given this sign?

psalm.

May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

13.

- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."
8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

psalm.

Pleading with God under desertion.

13.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray and be denied?
2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?
3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd!
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

Complaint under temptations of the Devil.

Psalm.

13.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
 That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts;
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud
 If I become his prey!
 Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head;
 He knows the terrors of thy look,
 And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And vict'ry shall be sung.

By nature all men are Sinners.

Psalm.

14.

C. M.

Part I.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their heart believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain;
 There is no God that reigns on high
 Or minds th' affairs of men."
- 2 From thoughts so dreadfully profane,
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;

Psalm.

14.

And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

Psalm.

The folly of Persecutors.

14.

C. M.

Part II.

1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

Character of a Saint.

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness!
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,

Psalm.

15.

C. M.

Psalm

15.

L. M.

Psalm.

15.

- Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
 Whatever pain or loss he bears]
 5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
 And mourns that justice should be sold;
 While others gripe and grind the poor,
 Sweet charity attends his door.]
 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
 For those that curse him to his face;
 And doth to all men still the same
 That he would hope or wish from them.
 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
 His soul depends on grace alone:
 This is the man thy face shall see,
 And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

Psalm.

Confession of our Poverty.

16.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
 For succour to thy throne I flee,
 But have no merits there to plead;
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.
 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
 How empty and how poor I am;
 My praise can never make thee bless'd,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.
 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good we do;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.
 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine;
 I love the men of heavenly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

Psalm.

16.

L. M.

Part II.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise
 Who haste to seek some idol god;
 I will not taste their sacrifice,
 Their offerings of forbidden blood.

Christ's All-Sufficiency.

- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever bless'd
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

Courage in Death, and hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

Support and Counsel from God without merit.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by 't;

Psalm.

16.

Psalm.

16.

L. M.

Part III

Psalm.

16.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—3.

Psalm.

16.

- The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The men of my delight.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
 And worship wood or stone;
 But my delightful lot is cast
 Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;
 Much am I pleased with present good,
 But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy,
 His counsels are my light;
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move
 While such a friend is nigh.

Psalm.

16.

C. M.

Part II.

- The Death and Resurrection of Christ.*
- 1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
 He bears my courage up:
 My heart and tongue their joys express,
 My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 Where souls departed are;
 Nor quit my body to the grave,
 To see corruption there.
- 3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 And raise me to thy throne;
 Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 Thy presence joys unknown."
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
 The holy David sung;
 And Providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
 Was crucified and slain:

Behold, the tomb its prey restores!

Behold, he lives again!

- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heav'n's eternal hills?

There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

Portion of Saints and Sinners.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
Their hope and portion lies below:
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

Psalm

17.

Psalm.

17.

S. M.

Ver.

15, &c.

Psalm.

17.

L. M.

psalm.

17.

- 3 What sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere :
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
 I shall be near and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

psalm.

18.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—6,

15—18.

Deliverance from Despair.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
 My rock, my tower, my high defence ;
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
 While floods of high temptations rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrows there,
 Which none but they that feel can tell,
 While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
 When I could scarce believe him mine ;
 He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
 Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief ;
 As on a cherub's wing he rode ;
 Awful and bright as lightning shone
 The face of my deliverer God.

- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their
rage;
But Christ my Lord is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour,
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his power.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace, that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?
- 5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;

Psalm.

18.

Psalm.

18.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

20—26.

And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

Psalm.

Rejoicing in God.

18.

L. M.

Part III.

Ver. 30,
31, 34, 35,
46, &c.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And, while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock;
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

Psalm.

Victory and Triumph over temporal enemies.

18.

C. M.

Part I.

- 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd:
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark, and our shield.
2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

- 4 He rides upon the winged wind ;
 And angels, in array,
 In millions wait to know his mind,
 And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
 Whole armies are dismay'd ;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,
 Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
 With all their dreadful skill ;
 Gives them his awful sword to wield,
 And makes their heart of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
 (Though there his name's forgot ;
 He girded Cyrus with his might,
 But Cyrus knew him not.)
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd
 For his own church's sake ;
 The powers that gave his people rest
 Shall of his care partake.]

The Conqueror's song.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumphs of the day :
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
 And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers,
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their towers.
- 3 How have we chased them thro' the field,
 And trod them to the ground,
 While thy salvation was our shield,
 But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
 And perish in their blood ;
 Where is a Rock so great, so high,
 So powerful as our God ?

Psalm.

18.

Psalm.

18.

C. M.

Part II.

Psalm.

18.

- 5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever bless'd;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.
- 6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports the crown.

Psalm.

19.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

(For a Lord's-day Morning.)

S. M.

Part I.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye British lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,

Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

God's Word most excellent.

(For a Lord's-day Morning.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!—(*Pause.*)

- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

- 7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

Psalm.

19.

S. M.

Part II.

- 8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Psalm. The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared.

19.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess:
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand,
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run.
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Psalm. The Books of Nature and of Scripture.

19.

(To the tune of the 113th Psalm.)

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heavens' well-order'd
frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine;

- A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read :
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice :
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker God ;
All nature joins to show thy praise :
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 I love the volumes of thy Word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight ;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

Psalm.

19.

That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

Psalm.

20.

L. M.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry!
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts;
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And, in the name of Isr'el's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
 Inspire our armies for the fight!
 Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
 Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong,

Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

Our King is the care of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.
- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.

Psalm.

21.

C. M.

Psalm.

21.

L. M.

Ver. 1-

9.

psalm.

21.

- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temple shine;
Bless'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

psalm.

22.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—16.

- The Sufferings and Death of Christ.*
- 1 **W**H Y has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?—(*Pause.*)

- 7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

- 1 "N OW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect thy Son,
Nor leave thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high:
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

Psalm.

22.

Psalm.

22.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver. 20,

21, 27—

31.

Psalm.

22.

- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

Psalm.

22.

L. M

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn
"He rescued others from the grave;
Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his Friend;
If God the blessed lov'd him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

God our Shepherd.

Psalm.

23.

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well sup-
 His providence and holy word [plied;
 Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food divinely bless'd.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell,
 Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread, and cheerful wine
- 7 [How I rejoice when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
 'Tis a divine anointing, shed
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days;
 There will I dwell to hear his word,
 To seek his face and sing his praise.]

God our Shepherd.

Psalm.

23.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name;

Psalm.

23.

C. M.

- In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Psalm.

23.

S. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,

psalm.

23.

- 5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Dwelling with God.

psalm.

24.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race:
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.
5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

Saints dwell in Heaven.

psalm

24.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and
He raised the building on the seas, [birds;
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

Psalm.

24.

- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his Maker God?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Raised from the dead, he goes before;
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a bless'd abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

Psalm.

25.

S. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—11.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the powers of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God?
That loves the gospel's joyful sound
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their soul shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

Distress of Soul.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;

Psalm.

25.

Psalm.

25.

S. M.

Part II.

Ver.

10—14.

Psalm.

25.

S. M.

Part III

Ver.

15—22.

Psalm.

25.

- When will thy hand release my feet
 Out of the deadly snare?
 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wand'ring feet have trod?
 4 The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe;
 My spirit languishes, my heart
 Is desolate and low.
 5 With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.—(*Pause.*)
 6 Behold the hosts of hell,
 How cruel is their hate!
 Against my life they rise, and join
 Their fury with deceit.
 7 O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.
 8 With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 He sought the Lord in vain.

Psalm.

26.

L. M.

Self-Examination.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
 And try my reins, and try my heart;
 My faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.
 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
 With men of vanity and lies;
 The scoffer and the hypocrite
 Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
 With hands well washed in innocence,

But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have pass'd
Among the saints, and near my God.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Prayer and Hope.

1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Psalm.

26.

Psalm.

27.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—6.

Psalm.

27.

D

- Psalm. 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.
27.
 C. M.
 Part II.
 Ver. 8, 9,
 13, 14.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God would make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

Psalm.

Storm and Thunder.

29.

L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power,
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around:
 The fearful hart and frighten'd hind
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And, lo, the stately cedars break:
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
 The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;
 But makes his Church his bless'd abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

- 6 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

Psalm.

30.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high:
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

Psalm.

30.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver. 6.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be
Fondly I said within my heart, [night;
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long,
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;

Psalm.

31.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver. 5,

13—19,

22, 23.

I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name; [heav'n,
Thy praise shall sound through earth and
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiven.

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **I**NTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin, conspired
To take away my life.
- 3 "My times are in thine hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.]
- 6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints
And recompense the proud.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my help, my trust;
 Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
 "My years consumed in groans,
 My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
 And sorrow wastes my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies, my name
 Was a mere proverb grown,
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side
 Seized and beset me round;
 I to the throne of grace applied,
 And speedy rescue found.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boastings vain!
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
 Shall thy pavilion hide;
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell;
 No fenced city wall'd and barr'd,
 Secures a saint so well.

Forgiveness of Sins on Confession.

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;

Psalm.

31.

Part II

C. M.

Ver. 7—

13, 18—

21

Psalm.

32.

S. M.

Psalm.

32.

- Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

Psalm.

32.

C. M.

Free Pardon and Sincere Obedience.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!
- 2 Happy beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortured mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

Repentance and free Pardon.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins,
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Through his whole life appears and shines!

*A guilty Conscience eased by confession and
 pardon.*

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel!
 What agonies of inward smart!
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret faults confess;
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
 Thine Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat;
 When floods of huge temptation roll,
 There shall they find a bless'd retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
 When days grow dark and storms appear;
 And when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from every snare.

Psalm.

32.

L. M.

Part I.

Psalm.

32.

L. M.

Part II.

Psalm.

33.

C. M.

Part I.

Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord.
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread,
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

Psalm.

33.

C. M.

Part II.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne,
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;

Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famines spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice, [voice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:

Psalm.

33.

Psalm.

33.

Part I.

As the

113th

Psalm.

Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
But his eternal counsel stands, [hands;
And rules the world from age to age.

Psalm.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

33.

1 O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

Part II.

As the
113th

Psalm.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage, of a horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford [stand;
When deaths or dangers threat'ning
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

Psalm.

God's care of the Saints.

34.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

L. M.

Part I.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;

- I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

Religious Education.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

Psalm.

34.

Psalm.

34.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

11—22.

psalm.

34.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—10.

- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

Prayer and Praise for eminent deliverance.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day,
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried;
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes,
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 [O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!
- 8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God!"
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;

Psalm.

34.

C. M.

Part II

Ver.

11—22.

Psalm.

35.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—9.

psalm.

35.

- Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.
- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.
- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

psalm.

Love to Enemies.

35.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move,
To his afflicted foes!
- 2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And fasting, mortified his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd, and cursed him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

12—14.

And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Psalm.

35.

Psalm.

36.

L. M.

Ver.

5—9.

Psalm.

Practical Atheism exposed.

36.

C. M.

Ver. 1, 2,
5—7, 9.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“ Their thoughts believe there’s none.”
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
Whate’er their lips profess,
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flatt’ry blinds their eyes!
But there’s a hast’ning hour,
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom’d sea.
- 5 Above these, heaven’s created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

Psalm.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God.

36.

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,

“He hath no faith of God within,
“Nor fear before his eyes.”

- 2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs:
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

The cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief.

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?
- 2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;

Psalm.

36.

S. M.

Ver.

1—7.

Psalm.

37.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—15.

E

Psalm.

37.

- So shall I dwell amongst the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.—(*Pause.*)
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.
- 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come. [sword,
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

Psalm.

37.

- Charity to the Poor.*
- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;

- The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from ev'ry snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell for ever there.

*The Way and End of the Righteous and the
Wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down. (*Pause.*)

Psalm.

37.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver. 16,

21, 26—

31.

Psalm.

37.

C. M.

Part III

Ver.

23—37.

Psalm.

37.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

Psalm.

38.

C. M.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief.

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole:
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
 My God will hear my cry,
 My God will bear my spirits up
 When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
 My foes rejoice to see 't;
 They raise their pleasure and their pride
 When they supplant my feet.
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
 And grieve for all my sin;
 I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh;
 O Lord of my salvation, haste
 Before thy servant die.]

Watchfulness over the Tongue.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolved before the Lord—
 “Now will I watch my tongue;
 Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 Or do my neighbour wrong.”
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overawed;
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;

Psalm.

38.

Psalm.

39.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—3.

Psalm.

39.

Psalm.

39.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

4—7.

- I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now, I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

Psalm.

39.

C. M.

Part III.

Ver.

9—13.

Sick-bed Devotion.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;

Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

Psalm.

39.

Psalm.

40.

Part I.

C. M.

Ver.

1—3, 5,

17.

- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

Psalm.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

40.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver. 6—

9.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is
Give your burnt-offrings o'er; [vain,
In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more."
2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will:
Whate'er thy sacred books declare
Thy servant shall fulfil.
3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart;
Mine ears are open'd with delight
To what thy lips impart."
4 And see, the bless'd Redeemer comes,
The eternal Son appears,
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.—(*Pause.*)
7 No blood of beasts on altar shed,
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.
8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;

Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought,
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 "Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
And lo! thy law is in my heart!
- 6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 The Spirit shall descend and show,
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

Charity to the Poor.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

Psalm.

40.

L. M.

Ver.

5—10.

Psalm.

41.

Psalm.

41.

L. M.

Ver.

1—3.

- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do:
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Psalm.

42.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—5

Desertion and Hope.

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look:
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
“And where's your God at last?”
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,
For I shall yet before him stand
And sing restoring love.

Melancholy Thoughts reproved.

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng

Psalm.

42.

L. M.

Part II

Ver.

6—11.

Psalm.

44.

C. M.

Ver.

1—3.

8, 15—

26.

Psalm.

44.

- Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with Heaven,
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given;
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore
Hard by the gates of death.—(*Pause.*)
- 7 We are exposed all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.
- 8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

Psalm.

45.

The Glory of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine,

Psalm.

45.

S. M.

Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,

And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,

While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;

And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed

His spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile Church is seen,

Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;

Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King

Thy sweetest thoughts employ;

Thy children shall his honour sing
In palaces of joy.

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

Psalm.

45.

C. M.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;

None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;

psalm.

45.

- Thy God with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
 Ride with majestic sway;
 Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
 To rule the saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
 But mercy is thy choice;
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

psalm.

45.

L. M.

Part I.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King,
 Jesus the Lord! how heavenly fair
 His form! how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with a superior grace;
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
 Gird on the terror of thy sword!
 In majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head,

And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
His first-born Son above the rest.

Christ and his Church.

Psalm.

45.

L. M.

Part II.

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

The Church's Safety among National Desolations.

Psalm.

46.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Psalm.

46.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God :
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

Psalm.

46.

L. M.

Part II.

God fights for his Church.

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her King rejoice ; [rise ;
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid :
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made !
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame ;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God ;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
I will be known and fear'd abroad,
But still my throne in Sion stands."

- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords,

*The Church is the Honour and Safety of a
Nation.*

- 1 **[G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his Churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

Psalm.

47.

C. M

Psalm.

48.

F

Psalm.

48.

S. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—8.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Psalm.

48.

S. M.

Part II.

Ver.

10—14.

- The Beauty of the Church.*
- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Pride and Death.

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride—
"My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide,
I'll give it to my land."

Psalm.

48.

Psalm.

49.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

6—14.

Psalm.

49.

- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcass lies.—(*Pause.*)
- 8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.
- 10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.

Psalm.

49.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

14, 15.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

Psalm.

49.

*The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's
Resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?

- How vain are riches to secure
 Their hanghty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
 With all the wealth in which they trust;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
 That flesh, so delicately fed,
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
 That glorious day exalts the just,
 To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
 And raise me from my dark abode;
 My flesh and soul shall part no more,
 But dwell for ever near my God.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud, our God shall come;
 Bright flames prepare his way;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.

Psalm.

49.

Psalm.

50.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—6.

Psalm.

50.

- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.
- 5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
 "That made their peace with God
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to
 Shall make the world confess, [light,
 My sentence of reward is right,
 And heaven adore my grace."

Psalm.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

50.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

10, 11,

14, 15.

23.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious
 And flocks and herds are mine; [fields,
 O'er all the cattle of the hills
 I claim a right divine.
- 2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 Is all that I require.
- 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
 My hand shall set thee free;
 Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 The honour due to me.
- 4 "The man that offers humble praise,
 He glorifies me best;
 And those that tread my holy ways,
 Shall my salvation taste."

Psalm.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

50.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall de-
 And saints surround the Lord, [scend,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
 Will I the world reprove;

Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain,
Without the fire of love.

- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear,
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his Churches
Let hypocrites attend and fear, [warns,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!

Psalm.

50.

C. M.

Part III

Ver.

1, 5, 8,

16, 21,

22.

Psalm.

50.

L. M.

Part III

His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

Psalm.

The Last Judgment.

50.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth, [north:
Calls the south nations and awakes the
From east to west the sounding orders
spread [dead;
Through distant worlds and regions of the
No more shall atheists mock his long delay:
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the
day! [nigh,
- 2 Behold! the Judge descends, his guards are
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all
things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom.
"But gather first my saints," the Judge
commands, [lands.
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
- 3 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new,
There's no distinction here: come, spread
their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
- 4 "I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heavens proclaim
abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths, that sinners dread to
hear.
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

Psalm.

50.

5 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee: bulls and goats are
vain [store

Without the flames of love: in vain the
Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where
they feed.

6 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks'
blood?

Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows?
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to be-
hold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou
hope to please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these;
While, with my grace and statutes on thy
tongue, [wrong?

Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen
friends.

8 "Silent I waited with long-suffering love
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er re-
prove? [in,

And cherish such an impious thought with-
That God, the Righteous, would indulge
thy sin?

Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;

Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
works amend, [friend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

The Last Judgment.

Psalm.

50.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons
forth, [north;
Calls the south nations, and awakes the
From east to west the sov'reign orders
spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven
rejoices; [voices.
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay,
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the
day; [nigh;
Behold the Judge descends, his guards are
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore
him; [him.
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
- 3 "Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all
things come
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints," the Judge com-
mands, [lands."
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful
passion; [vation.
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your sal-
- 4 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new."

Psalm.

50.

There's no distinction here, join all your
 voices, [rejoices.
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven
 5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread
 their thrones,
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
 Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys pre-
 pared
 Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful
 passion; salvation.
 And shout, ye saints; he comes for your

(Pause the First.)

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God;
 I am the Judge; ye heavens proclaim
 abroad
 My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to
 hear." [him;
 When God appears, all nature shall adore
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
 him. [profane;
 7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and
 Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat-
 'nings vain; [attire,
 Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints'
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven
 rejoices; [voices.
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
 8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks
 slain [vain
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are
 Without the flame of love; in vain the
 store
 Of brutal offerings, that were mine before."

psalm.

50.

Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore
him; [him.

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks'
blood? [breed,

Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage
Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where
they feed."

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints
salvation.

[bows,

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to
behold,

Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"

God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
rises.

(Pause the Second.)

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou
hope to please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these;

While, with my grace and statutes on thy
tongue, [wrong?

Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven
rejoices; [voices.

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen
friends;

While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."

Psalm.

50.

God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
rises.

- 13 "Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er
reprove, [within,
And cherish such an impious thought
That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
See, God appears; all nature joins t' adore
him; [him.

- Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before
14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders
roll, [soul;
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty
Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven
rejoices; voices.

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful

EPIPHONEMA.

- 15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
works amend, [friend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful
passion; [salvation.
When Christ returns, he comes for your

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

Psalm.

51.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

Psalm.

51.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Psalm.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

51.

L. M.

Part II.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make me white as snow:
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
 Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

The Backslider restored.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin:
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
 Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me, that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;

Psalm.

51.

L. M.

Part III

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Psalm.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

51.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

3—13.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My loads of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak about thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise;
 A humble groan, a broken heart,
 Is our best sacrifice.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
 Who thus devour her saints?
 Do they not know her Saviour rules,
 And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seized with sad surprise;
 For God's revenging arm
 Scatters the bones of them that rise
 To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
 Of armies in array;
 When God has first despised their host,
 They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Sion's King,
 Her captives to restore!
 Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
 And Judah weep no more.

Psalm.

51.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

14—17.

Psalm.

53.

C. M.

Ver.

4—6.

Psalm.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

55.

C. M.

Ver.

1—8,

16—18,

22.

- 1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell:
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.—(*Pause.*)
- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word
That saints shall never fall.

- 10 My highest hope shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise;
 While cruel and deceitful men
 Scarce live out half their days.

Dangerous Prosperity.

Psalm.

55.

S. M.

Ver.

15 —17,

19, 22.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne
 When morning brings the light;
 I'll seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God!
 While sinners perish in surprise,
 Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease
 And no sad changes feel;
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burden on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood.

Psalm.

56.

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor cease,
 Behold how envious sinners try
 To vex and break my peace.
- 2 The sons of violence and lies
 Join to devour me, Lord;

Psalm.

56.

- But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand. (*Pause.*)
- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"
- 10 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

Psalm.

57.

- Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.*
- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,

- Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause?
When th' injured poor before you stands,
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure, [hands?
While gold and greatness bribe your
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains.

Psalm

57

L. M.

Psalm

58.

As the
113th
Psalm.

Psalm.

58.

- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time—
Vain births, that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

Psalm.

60.

C. M.

Ver.

1—5,

10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;

- O heal the island thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wav'ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field
 For those that fear thy name;
 Save thy beloved with thy shield,
 And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
 Like a confederate God;
 In vain confederate powers unite
 Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
 By thine assisting hand;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
 And makes the feeble stand.

Safety in God.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief
 My heart within me dies;
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

No Trust in the Creatures.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is his throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

psalm.

60.

psalm.

61.

S. M.

Ver.

1—6.

psalm.

62.

Psalm.

62.

L. M.

Ver.

5—12.

- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face :
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due ;
He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

The Morning of a Lord's-Day.

Psalm.

63.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—5.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high:
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

Longing after God.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;

Psalm.

63.

Psalm.

63

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

6—10.

Psalm.

63.

psalm.

63.

L. M.

- The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Seeking after God.

psalm.

63.

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore

Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps,

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

Psalm.

63.

Psalm.

65.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—5.

Psalm.

65.

- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his Churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

Psalm.

65.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

5—13.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,

Psalm.

65.

- When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundation stand.
- 6 Behold, his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in his language speak thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear:
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:

Psalm.

65

Psalm.

65.

C. M.

Part I.

Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy Church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

Psalm.

The Providence of God, in Air, Earth, and Sea.

65.

C. M.

Part II.

- 1 **T**HIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

The blessings of the Spring.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
 Who makes the earth his care;
 Visits the pastures every spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
 Pour out at thy command
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring,
 The valleys rich provision yield,
 And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on every side,
 Rejoice at falling showers;
 The meadows dress'd in all their pride
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop;
 The parching grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope;
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
 How bounteous are thy ways!
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

Psalm.

65.

Psalm.

65.

C. M

Part III

Psalm.

66.

C. M.

Part I.

Governing Power and Goodness.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
“How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow.”
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the Church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

Psalm.

66.

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power

That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

- 5 But God (his name be ever bless'd!)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

*The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's
Increase.*

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God! on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our isle exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

Psalm.

66.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

13—20.

Psalm.

67.

C. M.

Psalm.

67.

- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Psalm.

68.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—6,

32—35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

- 1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints, rejoice before his face!
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will [Pause.
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.
- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bless'd;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Praise for Temporal Blessings.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our heart with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;

Psalm.

68.

Psalm.

68.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

17, 18.

Psalm.

68.

L. M.

Part III.

Ver.

19—22

Psalm.

68.

- Safety and health to God belong;
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide difference that remains
 Is endless joy or endless pains.
 5 The Lord that bruised the serpent's head
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
 The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.
 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth or deeper seas,
 And bring them to his courts above;
 There shall they taste his special love.

Psalm.

69.

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—14.

- 1 "SAVE me, O God! the swelling floods
 Break in upon my soul;
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
 Like mighty waters roll.
 2 I cry till all my voice be gone,
 In tears I waste the day;
 My God, behold my longing eyes,
 And shorten thy delay.
 3 They hate my soul without a cause,
 And still their number grows
 More than the hairs around my head,
 And mighty are my foes.
 4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 That men could never pay,
 And gave those honours to thy law
 Which sinners took away."
 5 Thus in the great Messiah's name
 The royal prophet mourns;
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
 And gives us joy by turns.
 6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
 Salvation in my name;

- For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procured for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.
- 8 Amongst my brethren and the Jews
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach to bring
The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 I came in sinful mortals' stead
To do my Father's will;
Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,
They scandalized my zeal.
- 10 My fasting and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song;
But God, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 He saved me from the dreadful deep,
Nor let my soul be drown'd;
He raised and fix'd my sinking feet
On well-establish'd ground.
- 12 'Twas in a most accepted hour
My prayer arose on high;
And for my sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry."

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips, with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;

Psalm.

69.

Psalm.

69.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

14—21,

26, 29,

32.

psalm.

69.

Why should thy fav'rite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

- 4 With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound;
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.
- 5 They tread my honour to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.
- 7 I look'd for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief;
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.
- 8 With vinegar they mock my thirst,
They give me gall for food;
And, sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.
- 9 Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassion save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

psalm.

69.

C. M.

Part III.

Christ's Obedience and Death.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace;
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal

Psalm.

69.

- Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bless'd.
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchased by his blood
For thy own Israel waits.

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.

Psalm.

69.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice, join
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;

The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

Psalm.

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

69.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

7, &c.

- 1 **T**WAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the Man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 ["My Father's house," said he, "was made
A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then, scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
- 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree:
There hung the Man that died for me.
- 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
- 8 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son:
The hand that raised him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth;
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine;
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year;
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise;
 And round me let thy glory shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in every page,
 In every line thy praise.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
 Thy goodness I adore!
 And since I knew thy graces first,
 I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in thy strength,
 To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,

Psalm.

71.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

5—9.

Psalm.

71.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

14—16,

22—24.

Psalm.

71.

- I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

Psalm.

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.

71.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

C. M.

Part III.

Ver.

17—21.

- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!—(Pause.)
- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

Psalm.

71.

- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

The Kingdom of Christ.

Psalm.

72.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time, be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Psalm.

72.

L. M.

Part II.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold, the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made.
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

Psalm.

73.

*Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners
cursed.*

- 1 NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;

- Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!"
- 3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.
- 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain;
For I am chasten'd all the day,
The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove,—
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love."
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,
And think the wicked bless'd.
- 10 Yet was I kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown ;

Psalm.

73.

C. M.

Part I.

Psalm.

73.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

23—28.

That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart would faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Psalm.

73.

L. M.

Ver.

22, 3, 6,

17—20.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.
- 2 But O their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

- 1 **S**URE there 's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.]
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure;
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?"

Psalm.

73.

Psalm.

73.

S. M.

Psalm.

73.

- 7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

Psalm.

74.

C. M.

*The Church pleading with God under sore
Persecution.*

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and
Thy foes profanely roar; [sang,
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down,

Psalm

74.

- And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
“Come, let us burn at once,” they cry,
“The temple and the priest.”
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There ’s not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.—(*Pause.*)
- 9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?
- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand.]
- 11 What strange deliv’rance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond’rous way,
And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?
- 14 Hath not thy power form’d every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,

Psalm.

74.

- With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injured name?
16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.
17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

Psalm.

75.

L. M.

Power and Government from God alone.

[Applied to the glorious Revolution by King
William, or the happy accession of King
George to the throne.]

- 1 **T**O thee, most Holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is high,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great,
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.
3 He from thy hand received his crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.
4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.
5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;

'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne :
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.
- 7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.
- 8 How shall the Lord exalt the just!
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.

- 1 **I**N Judah, God of old was known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose ;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands ;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

Psalm.

75.

Psalm.

76.

C. M.

Psalm.

76.

- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?
- 7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears? [light
When heaven shines round with dreadful
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

Psalm.

77.

C. M.

Part 1.

Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

- 1 **T**O God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and, still oppress'd,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought:
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

- 1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod!"
May thy own children say:
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
How holy is his way!"
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old,
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.
- 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

Psalm.

77.

Psalm.

77.

C. M.

Part II.

Psalm.

77.

- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.
- 5 Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd,
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And his own saints adored.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promised land.]

Providences of God recorded.

Psalm.

78.

C. M.

Part I.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment.

- 1 **O** WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land.
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provoked the Lord most High,
And dared distrust his hand:
"Can he with bread our host supply
Amidst this desert land?"

Psalm.

78.

Psalm.

78.

C. M.

Part II.

Psalm.

78.

C. M.

Part III.

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel sins, the Lord reproveth,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire,
And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolved to save
Possess'd the promised land.

Backsliding and Forgiveness.

- 1 GREAT God! how oft did Israel prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love?
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
 And made their travels long and vain;
 A tedious march through unknown ways
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
 They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
 Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
 Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
 As flattering words of solemn lies,
 While their rebellious tempers prove
 False to his covenant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
 The men who not deserved to live;
 His anger oft away he turn'd,
 Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
 He saw temptations still prevail;
 The God of Abra'm loved them still,
 And led them to his holy hill.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep;
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now:
 Shine from on high, and guide us through;

Psalm.

78.

L. M.

Part IV

Ver.

32, &c.

Psalm.

80.

L. M.

psalm.

80.

Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

(Pause I.)

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

(Pause II.)

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too:
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we,
The lesser branches of the tree.

- 11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd
With power and grace above the rest.
- 12 O, for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

The Warnings of God to his People.

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 "From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord, who set thee free
From slavery and sin.
- 3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if you will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel,
- 4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dangerous road;
'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 "Yet O! that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 "While I destroy their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock;
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

God the Supreme Governor.

- 1 A MONG th' assemblies of the great
A greater Ruler takes his seat;

Psalm.

80.

Psalm.

81.

S. M.

Ver. 1,

8—16.

Psalm.

82.

Psalm.

82.

L. M.

- The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
2 Why will ye, then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?
3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

Psalm.

83.

S. M.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.
4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.
5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remains,
Nor memory shall be found."
6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;

Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
The pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints which sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find their way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

Psalm.

83.

Psalm.

84.

L. M.

Part I.

- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there

Psalm.

God and his Church.

84.

L. M.

Part II.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

Psalm.

Delight in Ordinances of Worship.

84.

C. M.

Ver.

1—4, 10.

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,

While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

Psalm.

84.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.—(*Pause.*)

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy-right hand,
I'd give them both away.

Longing for the House of God.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

Psalm.

84.

As the
148th
Psalm.

psalm.

84.

- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence;

He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

- 7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

Waiting for an Answer to prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heaven;
Since Christ the Lord came down from

Psalm.

84.

Psalm.

85.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—8.

Psalm

85.

K

Psalm.

85.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

9, &c.

By his obedience so complete

Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

Psalm.

86.

C. M.

Ver.

8—13.

A general song of Praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

Psalm.

87.

L. M.

The Church the Birthplace of the Saints.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temples lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house,
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

- 3 What glories were described of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew:
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honour to appear
 As one new-born or nourish'd there.

The Covenant made with Christ.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 "With thee my cov'nant first is made;
 In thee shall dying sinners live,
 Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
 Thy children shall be ever bless'd;
 Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
 Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 "There's none of all my sons above
 So much my image or my love;
 Celestial powers thy subjects are,
 Then what can earth to thee compare?
- 5 "David, my servant, whom I chose
 To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 And raised him to the Jewish throne,
 Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
 Jesus, her Saviour and her King;
 Angels his heavenly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

Psalm.

87.

Psalm.

89.

L. M.

Psalm.

89.

C. M.

Part I.

The Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

Psalm.

89.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

7, &c.

The Power and Majesty of God.

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared to thine?
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;

Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell;

How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;

While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

A blessed Gospel.

1 **B**LESS'D are the souls that hear and
The gospel's joyful sound: [know
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.

1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my Almighty Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

Psalm.

89.

Psalm.

89.

C. M.

Part III

Ver.

15, &c.

Psalm.

89.

C. M.

Part IV.

Ver.

19, &c.

Psalm.

89.

- 4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 "Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I'll support my Son.
- 6 "My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 "My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

Psalm.

89.

C. M.

Part V.

Ver.

30, &c.

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.

- 1 "YET," saith the Lord, "if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down;
- 2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more),
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.
- 5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,

Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

- 6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more."

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state;
How frail our life, how short the date;
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls! and bless the Lord.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God! on feeble man;
How few his hours! how short his
span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?

Psalm.

89.

Psalm.

89.

L. M.

Part VI

Ver.

47, &c.

Psalm.

89.

Last Part

As the

113th

Psalm.

Ver.

47, &c.

Psalm.

89.

Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

- 3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

Psalm.

90.

L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account:
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.—(*Pause.*)
- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.]
- 7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear that power that strikes us dead.
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
“Return, ye sons of men;”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev’ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Psalm.

90.

Psalm.

90.

C. M.

Part I

Ver.

1—5.

psalm.

90.

- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

psalm.

90.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

8—12.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eye surveys our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, and all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;

O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

- 7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

Breathing after Heaven.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

Psalm.

90.

C. M.

Part III

Ver.

13, &c.

Psalm.

90.

S. M.

Ver. 5,

10, 12.

Psalm.

90.

- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

Psalm.

Safety in Public Diseases and Dangers.

91.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—7.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am form'd of feeble dust
Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man! Thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air [Pause.
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there,
- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died?

Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

Psalm.

91.

- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee

Protection from Death.

Psalm.

91.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them," saith the Lord;

C. M.

Part II

Ver.

9—16.

Psalm.

91.

"I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

- 7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
- 8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honour them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

Psalm.

A Psalm for the Lord's-Day.

92.

L. M.

Part I.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
To show thy love by morning light, [sing;
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

The Church is the Garden of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.
3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;

Psalm.

92.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

12, &c.

Psalm

93.

L. M.

And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

93.

As the
old 50th
Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand.
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar and toss their waves against the skies:
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his Church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

93.

As the
old 122d
Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;

Psalm.

93.

In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd, thy Church shall ne'er remove,
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear;
And sing thine everlasting love.

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

Psalm.

94.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1, 2,

7—14.

L

Psalm.

94.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

16—23.

- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

God our Support and Comfort.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried:
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

Psalm.

95.

C. M.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;

The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high and gods below,
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!
- 6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

A Psalm before Sermon.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,

Psalm.

95.

Psalm.

95.

S. M.

- And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;
6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there."

Psalm.

Canaan lost through Unbelief.

95.

L. M.

Ver.

1—3,

6—11.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word,
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove
Forget my power, abuse my love;
Since they despise my rest, I swear
Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest,
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.]

Christ's First and Second Coming.

Psalm.

96.

C. M.

Ver.

1, 10, &c

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue;
 His new discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea;
 Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
 Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

The God of the Gentiles.

Psalm.

96.

As the

113th

Psalm.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
 The wond'ring nations read thy word:
 In Britain is Jehovah known;

Psalm.

96.

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

- 3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

Psalm.

97.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1--5.

- Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*
- 1 **H**E reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire; [tombs;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Psalm.

97.

- Christ's Incarnation.*
- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name.

An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

Grace and Glory.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Christ's Incarnation, and the Last Judgment.

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

Psalm.

97.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

6—9.

Psalm.

97.

L. M.

Part III

Psalm.

97.

C. M.

Ver.

1, 3,

5—7, 11

Psalm.

97.

- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim,
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

Psalm.

98.

C. M.

Part I.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.
- 2 He spake the word to Abram first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

Psalm.

98.

C. M.

Part II.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace.

A Holy God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his Church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

Psalm.

98.

Psalm.

99.

S. M.

Part I.

Psalm.

99.

S. M.

Part II.

psalm.

99.

- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

psalm.

100.

L. M.

Praise to our Creator.

A plain Translation.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

psalm.

100.

L. M.

A Paraphrase.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice,
Let every land his name adore;
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

- 3 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust;
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

Psalm.

100.

Psalm.

101.

L. M

- Psalm. 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
 And while the innocent I guard,
 The bold offender sha'n't be spared.
101. 7 The impious crew, that factious band,
 Shall hide their heads or quit the land;
 And all that break the public rest,
 Where I have power, shall be suppress'd.

Psalm. *A Psalm for a Master of a Family.*

101. 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows;
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
 Teach me to rule my house.
- C. M. 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
 And make thy servant wise;
 I'll suffer nothing near me there
 That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong
 By falsehood or by force,
 The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
 And will their help enjoy;
 These are the friends that I shall trust,
 The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
 I'll not endure a night!
 The liar's tongue I ever hate,
 And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
 And make the wicked flee;
 So shall my house be ever found
 A dwelling fit for thee.

Psalm. *A Prayer of the Afflicted.*

102. 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die:

Psalm.

102.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—13,

20, 21.

Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;

My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass
Burnt with excessive heat;

In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,

Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;

There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;

While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;

My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown:

Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light

Grows faint as evening shadows are
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;

Psalm.

102.

- Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

Psalm.

102.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

13—21.

Prayer heard and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "That praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race:
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow should assuage:
Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through every age.
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall
And all be changed at his command. [fade,
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm on high,
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

Blessing God for his goodness to Soul and Body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove
Let all the powers within me join [abroad;
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;

Psalm.

102.

L. M.

Part III

Ver.

23—28.

Psalm.

103.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—7.

Psalm.

103.

- He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels;
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threatening graves.
 5 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs,
 His mercy crowns our growing years;
 He satisfies our mouth with good,
 And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
 And often gives the sufferers rest;
 But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.
 7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
 And gave to Israel his commands;
 But sent his truth and mercy down
 To all the nations by his Son.
 8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.]

Psalm.

103.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

8—18.

God's gentle Chastisement.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
 How firm his truth! how large his
 He takes his mercy for his throne, [grace:
 And thence he makes his glories known.
 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
 The starry heavens above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
 3 Not half so far hath nature placed
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.
 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
 On swifter wings salvation flies;

- And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.—(*Pause.*)
- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:

Psalm.

103.

Psalm.

103.

S. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—7.

M

Psalm.

103.

- He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.
 5 He fills the poor with good,
 He gives the suff'ers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppress'd.
 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

Psalm.

103.

S. M.

Part II.

Ver.

8—18.

Compassion of God.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
 2 God will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.
 3 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
 4 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love
 Far as the east is from the west
 Doth all our guilt remove.
 5 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.
 6 He knows we are but dust,
 Scatter'd with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.
 7 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

- 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure :
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Universal Dominion.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high ;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise :
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

[*Note.*—This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza ; viz.—

Great is the Lord ! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name ?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.]

- 2 The heavens are for his curtain spread,
The unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,

Psalm.

103.

S. M.

Part III

Ver.

19—22.

Psalm.

104.

L. M.

psalm.

104.

- Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.
4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.
6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

(Pause I.)

- 9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man of various power,
To nourish nature or to cure.
11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;

Psalm.

104

Our hearts are cheer'd with generous
With inward joy our faces shine. [wine,

- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

(Pause II.)

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy
And every land thy riches fill: [skill,
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;

Psalm.

104.

There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

(Pause III.)

- 21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand
- 22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight;
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accursed,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

Psalm.

105.

C. M.

Abridged

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd,"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."
- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reproved:
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
Shall soon revenge the wrong;
The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

(Pause I.)

- 9 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
And thus provoked their God,

Psalm.

105.

- Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He called for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.
(Pause II.)
- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!

So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

Praise to God.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever-bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

Israel punished and pardoned.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

Psalm.

105.

Psalm.

106.

L. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—5.

Psalm.

106.

S. M.

Part II.

Ver. 7, 8,

12, &c.

psalm.

106.

- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book;
He saved them from their foes;
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen to all the praise.

psalm.

107.

L. M.

Part I.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God: he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground!
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cried:
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round,—
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Psalm.

107.

- 6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Correction for Sin, and release by Prayer.

Psalm.

107.

L. M.

Part II.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord.
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through,
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Psalm.

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

107.

L. M.

Part III.

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be released.
- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No medicines could effect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.
- 6 O may the souls of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

Psalm.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck.

107.

L. M.

Part IV.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind:
Till God command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;

- What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel.
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;

Psalm.

107.

Psalm.

107.

C. M.

Part V.

Psalm.

107.

- Now to their eyes the port appears,
 There let their vows be paid.
 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land,
 Let stupid mortals know
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow.
 8 O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord;
 And those that see thy wondrous ways
 Thy wondrous love record.

Psalm.

107.

L. M.

Last Part.

Colonies planted.

A Psalm for New England.

- 1 **W**HEN God, provoked with daring
 crimes,
 Scourges the madness of the times,
 He turns their fields to barren sand,
 And dries the rivers from the land.
 2 His word can raise the springs again,
 And make the wither'd mountains green;
 Send showery blessings from the skies,
 And harvests in the desert rise.
 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
 Or men as fierce and wild as they,
 He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
 And builds them towns and cities there.
 4 They sow the fields and trees they plant,
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
 Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
 Their wealth increases with their flocks.
 5 Thus they are bless'd; but if they sin,
 He lets the heathen nations in;
 A savage crew invades their lands,
 Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
 6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
 Wander unpitied and forlorn;
 The country lies unfenced, untill'd,
 And desolation spreads the field.

- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song,
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
• Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

Psalm.

107.

Psalm.

109.

C. M.

Ver.

1—5, 3

Psalm.

Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted.

110.

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
 At my right hand, till I shall make
 Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
 2 From Zion shall thy word proceed;
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 And bow their wills to thy command.
 3 That day shall show thy power is great,
 When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 Where holiness in beauty shines."
 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
 What a large victory shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

L. M.

Part I.

Psalm.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

110.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 And change from hand to hand no more.
 2 "Aaron and all his sons must die;
 But everlasting life is thine,
 To save for ever those that fly
 For refuge from the wrath divine.
 3 "By me Melchisedec was made
 On earth a king and priest at once.
 And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
 And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne;
 While counsels of eternal peace
 Between the Father and the Son
 Proceed with honour and success.
 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel;

L. M.

Part II.

Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

- 3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

- 4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man whom Abraham bless'd,
Was but a type of thee."

- 5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

Psalm.

110.

C. M.

Psalm.

111.

N

- Psalm. 2 How great the works his hand has wrought,
 How glorious in our sight!
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
 C. M. 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
 Part I. How wise th' Eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his covenant sure,
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name?
 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 That best obeys thy will.

Psalm.

The Perfections of God.

- III. 1 GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
 C. M. Demand our noblest songs:
 Part II. Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.
 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord!
 He gives his children food;
 And, ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.
 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
 To seal his cov'nant sure;
 Holy and reverend is his name,
 His ways are just and pure.
 4 They that would grow divinely wise
 Must with his fear begin;
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating every sin.

The Blessings of the Liberal Man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law :
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd :
 His house the seat of wealth shall be,
 An unexhausted treasury,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His liberal favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends ;
 A generous pity fills his mind :
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd ;
 The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
 His conscience holds his courage up :
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.—
- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise *[Pause.*
 His heart that fix'd on God relies,
 Though waves and tempests roar around :
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony,
 To find their expectations cross'd ;
 They and their envy, pride, and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

Psalm.

112.

As the

113th

Psalm.

Psalm.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

112.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his
Honour and peace his days attend, [word;
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispersed his alms abroad;
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

Psalm.

Liberality rewarded.

112.

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,

To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises, and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

God sovereign and gracious.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

Psalm.

113.

Proper
Tune.

Psalm.

113.

L. M.

Psalm.

113.

- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time nor place his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare?
 His glories, how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
 His grace exalts the humble poor;
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heavenly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice:
 Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promised seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done:
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
 If nature fails, the promise bears.]

Psalm.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

114.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
 hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
 The deep divides to make them way;
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap;

Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?

Make Jordan backward roll his tide?

Why did ye leap, ye little hills?

And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,

Retire and know th' approaching God,

The King of Israel: see him here;

Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;

The rock to standing pools he turns;

Flints spring with fountains at his word,

And fires and seas confess the Lord.

The true God our Refuge.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,

Not to ourselves is glory due;

Eternal God! thou only just,

Thou only gracious, wise, and true!

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:

Why should a heathen's haughty tongue

Insult us, and to raise our shame, [long?"

Say, "Where's the God you've served so

3 The God we serve maintains his throne

Above the clouds, beyond the skies;

Through all the earth his will is done;

He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore

Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;

At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,

A silver saint or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head,

Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;

In vain are costly off'rings made,

And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,

Nor hands to save when mortals pray;

Psalm.

114.

Psalm.

115.

L. M.

Psalm.

115.

Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

- 7 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

Psalm.

115.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

To the
Tune of
the 50th
Psalm.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, Thou only just and true!
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name:
Shine through the earth from heaven, thy bless'd
abode, [God?"
Nor let the heathens say, "And where's your
- 2 Heaven is thine higher court, there stands thy
throne;
And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
Our God framed all this earth, these heavens he
spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power,
nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,

Lopp'd from a tree, or broken from a rock :
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers
 made.]

- 5 Be heaven and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say
 Which is more stupid, or their gods or they :
 O Israel, trust the Lord ; he hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace ;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
 He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.
- 6 O Britain, trust the Lord ; thy foes in vain
 Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign ;
 Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise ;
 But we are saved, and live ; let songs arise,
 And Britons bless the God that built the skies.

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan ;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,
 And chased my griefs away ;
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead ;
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God ! " I cried, " thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just !
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
 He bid my pains remove ;
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

Psalm.

115.

Psalm.

116.

Part I.

C. M.

psalm.

116.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

12, &c.

- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

psalm.

117.

C. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;

For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees, my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;

Psalm.

117.

L. M.

Psalm.

117.

S. M.

Psalm.

118.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

6—15.

Psalm.

118.

- While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice!
 5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
 When God appears they fly;
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
 Make a fierce blaze and die.
 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
 The Lord protects their days;
 Let Israel tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

Psalm.

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

118.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

17—21.

- 1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry
 And rescued from the grave;
 Now shall he live; and none can die,
 If God resolve to save.
 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath;
 Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,
 Defends him still from death.
 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there;
 The house where all the righteous go
 Thy mercy to declare.
 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise;
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

Psalm.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

118.

C. M.

Part III.

Ver.

22, 23.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.
 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name;
 They trust their whole salvation hear,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise;
 'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

Hosanna.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround thy throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

An Hosanna for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
 The builders did refuse;
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son;

Psalm.

118.

Psalm.

118.

C. M.

Part IV

Ver.

24—26.

Psalm.

118.

S. M.

Ver.

22—27.

Psalm.

118.

Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

Psalm.

118.

L. M.

Ver.

22—27.

An Hosanna for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice; and saints, be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be bless'd!
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a *Divine Song* upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connexion.—In some places, among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c.*, as more agreeable to the New Testament and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to commend the Holy Scripture.]

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part I.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

- 1 BLESS'D are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.—(1-3.)
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.—(Ver. 165.)
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.—(Ver. 6.)
- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accurs'd;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.—(Ver. 21, 118.)
- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.—(119, 155.)

Psalm.

Secret Devotion, and Spiritual-mindedness.

119.

C. M.

Part II.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray;
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.—(147, 55.)
- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
 Thy promise bears me up;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.—(Ver. 81.)
- 3 Seven times a-day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee;
 Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.—(Ver. 164.)
- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.—(Ver. 62.)

Psalm.

Professions of Repentance and Obedience.

119.

C. M.

Part III.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God!
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.—(Ver. 57, 60.)
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.—(30, 114.)
- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands.
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.—(59.)
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine:
 O save thy servant, Lord!

Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.—(Ver. 94, 114.)

- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.—(Ver. 112.)

Instruction from Scripture.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.—(Ver. 9.)
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.—(130.)
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.—(Ver. 105.)
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.—(99, 100.)
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.—(104, 113.)
- 6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express.
- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.—(Ver. 89-91.)

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part IV

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth :
 How pure is every page !
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.
 (Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.)

Psalm.

Delight in Scripture.

119.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !
 'Tis daily my delight ;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.—(Ver. 97.)
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate thy word ;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.—(Ver. 148.)
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !
 How well employ my tongue !
 And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yields me a heavenly song.—(3, 13, 54.)
- 4 Am I a stranger or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.—(19, 103.)
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refined,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.—(72, 127.)
- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.—(28, 49, 175.)

Psalm.

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

119.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just !
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flattering lust.—(Ver. 128.)

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey,
 I keep thy law in sight,
 Through all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.—(Ver. 97, 9.)
- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 “How sweet thy comforts be!”
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.—(62.)
- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compared to mine.—(Ver. 162.)

*Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of
 Scripture.*

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book;
 Great God! if once compared with thine,
 How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
 Could show one sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go!
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word;

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part VI

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part VII

Ver. 96.

Para-
 phrased.

But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

Psalm.

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion.

119.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;

C. M.

There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

Part VIII

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,

Ver. 111.

And keep thy laws in sight,

Para-

While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

phrased.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,

Where springs of life arise,

Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,

And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,

It makes our sorrows bless'd;

Our fairest hope beyond the grave,

And our eternal rest.

Psalm.

Desire of Knowledge.

119.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord.
How good thy works appear!

C. M.

Open mine eyes to read thy word,

And see thy wonders there.—(64, 68, 18.)

Part IX.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand;

My service is thy due:

O make thy servant understand

The duties he must do.—(Ver. 73, 125.)

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,

Let not my path be hid;

But mark the road my feet should go.

And be my constant guide.—(Ver. 19.)

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,

Thou heard'st my soul complain;

Grant me the teachings of thy grace,

Or I shall stray again.—(Ver. 26.)

- 5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.—(33, 34.)
- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.—(Ver. 50, 71.)
- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.—(Ver. 51.)
- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.](27, 171.)

Pleading the Promises.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.—(Ver. 38, 49.)
- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promised quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.—(Ver. 41, 58, 107.)
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.—(123, 42.)
- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.—(Ver. 49, 74.)

Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!

psalm

119.

psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part X.

psalm.

119.

Psalm.

119.

Part XI.

C. M.

O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!—(Ver. 5, 33.)

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.—(Ver. 29.)
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.—(Ver. 37, 36.)
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.—(Ver. 133.)
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.—(Ver. 176.)
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.—(Ver. 36.)

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part 12.

Breathing after Deliverance.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.—(Ver. 153.)
- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear:
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.—(39, 116.)
- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.—(Ver. 122, 135.)
- 4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,

“When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?”—(Ver. 82.)

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t’ afford
To those that love thy name.—(Ver. 132.)

Tenderness of Conscience.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I’ve sought thy
O let me never stray [face,
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner’s way.—(Ver. 10.)
- 2 Thy word I’ve hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.—(Ver. 11.)
- 3 I’m a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints, [158.)
When men transgress thy word.—(63, 53,
- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.—(161, 163.)
- 5 My heart with sacred rev’rence hears
The threat’nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.—(161, 120.)
- 6 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.—(Ver. 166, 174.)

Benefit of Afflictions.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv’rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints, [82.)
When will my troubles end?—(153, 81,

Psalm.

119.

C. M.

Part 13

Psalm.

119.

- Psalm. 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod ;
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.—(Ver. 71.)
 119.
 C. M.
 Part 14. 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
 When new distress begins—
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.—(Ver. 50.)
 4 Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk amongst the dead.—(Ver. 92.)
 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe ;
 The sharpest sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.—(Ver. 75.)
 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
 My feet were apt to stray ;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.—(Ver. 67.)

Psalm.

Holy Resolutions.

119.
 C. M.
 Part XV. 1 **O** THAT thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind !
 Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
 And daily peace I find.—(Ver. 93.)
 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
 Thy word is all my joy.—(Ver. 15, 16.)
 3 How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
 And set my feet at large.—(Ver. 32.)
 4 My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy name :

I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.—(Ver. 13, 46.)

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.—(Ver. 61, 69, 70.)
- 3 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.—(Ver. 115.)

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.—(Ver. 25, 37.)
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.—(Ver. 107.)
- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?—(Ver. 156, 40.)
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!—(Ver. 159, 40.)
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.—(Ver. 93.)

Psalm

119.

Psalm

119.

C. M.

Part 16.

Psalm.

Courage under Persecution.

119.

L. M.

Part 17.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word;
 My soul dissolves for heaviness; [(143, 28.)
 Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.—
- 2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 And tempt my soul to snares and sin, [110.)
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.—(51, 69,
- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
 They hate to see me love thy laws;
 But I will trust and fear thy name, [78.)
 Till pride and malice die with shame.—(161,

Psalm.

Sanctified Afflictions.

119.

L. M.

Part 18.

Last.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand!
 How kind was thy chastising rod
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God!
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
 I left my guide, and lost my way,
 But now I love and keep thy word.—(67, 59.)
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.—(71.)
- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or western hills of golden ore.—(Ver. 72.)
- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
 Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.—(73.)
- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice;

For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.—(74.)

Complaint of Quarrelsome Neighbours.

Psalm

120.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-bless'd,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?
- 2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

Divine Protection.

Psalm.

121.

L. M.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies,
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

Psalm.

121.

- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Preservation by Day and Night.

Psalm.

121.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come:
 Go, and return secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

God our Preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tower | His grace is nigh
 To which I fly; | In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears:
 Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
 That never sleep | When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there:
 Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
 And thou my shade | By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath:
 I'll go and come, | Till from on high
 Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

Going to Church.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,

Psalm.

121.

Psalm.

121.

As the
 148th
 Psalm.

Psalm.

122.

Psalm.

122.

C. M.

" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints:
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

Psalm.

Going to Church.

122.

Proper
Tune.

1 **H**OW pleased and bless'd was I,
To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

- 3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house !"
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Pleading with Submission.

- 1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke ;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look ;
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;

Psalm.

122.

Psalm

123.

C. M.

This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

Psalm.

A Song for the Fifth of November.

124.

L. M.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord (may Israel say),
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare !
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care !
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies,
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

Psalm.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

125.

C. M.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.
- 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

Surprising Deliverance.

- 1 **W**HEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our
theme;

Psalm.

125.

Psalm.

125.

S. M.

Psalm.

126.

P

Psalm.

126.

L. M.

- The grace beyond our hopes so great
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they vanish'd so:
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

The Joy of Conversion.

Psalm.

126.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

*The Blessing of God on the Business and Comforts
of Life.*

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign makes them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love!

God All in All.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew;
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has bless'd;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

Psalm.

127.

L. M.

Psalm.

127.

C. M.

- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove;
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

Psalm.

Family Blessings.

128.

C. M.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and reverent awe!
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labours of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
 Thy children, round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honour shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
 For months and years to come;
 The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Shall send the blessings home.
- 5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
 Shall see his house increase;
 Shall see the sinking church arise,
 Then leave the world in peace.

Psalm.

Persecutors punished.

129.

C. M.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,
 Have I been nursed in tears;
 My griefs were constant as the day,
 And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
 Of all the sons of strife;
 Oft they assail'd my riper age,
 But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
 With furrows long and deep;

Psalm.

129.

- Hourly they vex my wounds afresh,
 Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
 And, with impartial eye,
 Measured the mischiefs they had done,
 Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surprised
 To hear his thunders roll!
 And all the foes of Sion seized
 With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
 Be blasted from the sky;
 Their glory fades, their courage faints,
 And all their projects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
 They have no root beneath;
 Their growth shall perish in despair,
 And lie despised in death.]
- 8 [So corn that on the house-top stands
 No hope of harvest gives;
 The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
 Nor binder fold the sheaves.
- 9 It springs and withers on the place;
 No traveller bestows
 A word of blessing on the grass,
 Nor minds it as he goes.]

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
 My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
 And thine impartial hand,
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
 For crimes of high degree;

Psalm.

130.

C. M.

Psalm.

130.

Thy Son has bought them with his blood.
To draw us near to thee.

- 4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes ;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 [Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face ;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved ;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.]

Psalm.

Pardoning Grace.

130.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thought
To thee, my God, I raised my cries
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate ;
When will my God his face display ?

- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

Humility and Submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

At the Settlement of a Church.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence bless'd.
- 3 Here I will fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;

Psalm.

130.

Psalm.

131.

C. M.

Psalm.

132.

L. M.

Ver. 5,

13—18.

Psalm.

132.

- Sinners that wait before my door
 With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
 My priests, my ministers, shall shine;
 Not Aaron in his costly dress
 Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain
 Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
 The Son of David here shall reign,
 And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed
 Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are clothed with shame.]

Psalm.

A Church Established.

132.

C. M.

Ver.

4, 5, 7, 8,
 15—17.

- 1 [N O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
 His ark was settled there;
 To Zion the whole nation came
 To worship thrice a-year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.]—(*Pause.*)
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest!
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be own'd and bless'd.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree!
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole;
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's reverend head;
 The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Sion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shows,
 And makes his grace distil.

Communion of Saints.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;

Psalm.

132.

Psalm.

133.

C. M.

Psalm.

133.

S. M.

Psalm.

133.

- 3 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

Psalm.

133.

As the

122d

Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree ;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love !
- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

Psalm.

134.

C. M.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

- 1 **Y**E that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hand by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;

Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

The Church is God's House and Care.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord: the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priest exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

*The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption
of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;

Psalm.

135.

L. M.

Ver.

1—4, 14

19—21.

Part I.

Psalm.

135.

L. M.

Part II.

Ver.

5—12.

Psalm.

135.

- He pours the rain he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

Psalm.

135.

C. M.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints; to praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;

Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God the sovereign Lord;
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he framed alone;
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light,
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led;
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints through desert
Eternal be his praise! [ground;

Psalm.

135.

Psalm.

136.

C. M.

Psalm.

136.

- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land;
And faithful is his word.]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.
- 10 Give thanks to God the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

Psalm.

136.

As the

148th

Psalm.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom framed the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

Psalm.

136.

- 4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead:
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,		And ever sure
Shall still endure;		Abides thy word.

- 5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

- 6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

(Pause.)

- 7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

- 8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

- 9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, And ever sure
Shall still endure; Abides thy word.

Psalm.

God's wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption, and Salvation.

136.

L. M.

Abridged.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

- 1 [WITH all my powers of heart and
tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great,
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Psalm.

138.

L. M.

Psalm.

The All-Seeing God.

139.

L. M.

Part I.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through;

Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

(Pause I.)

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Psalm.

139.

- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

(Pause II.)

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
 Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
 Great God, they're both alike to thee;
 Not death can hide what God will spy,
 And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

The Wonderful Formation of Man.

Psalm.

139.

L. M.

Part II

- 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame;
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were named,
 And what thy sovereign counsels framed
 (The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
 Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
 God stamp'd his image on my frame,

Psalm.

139.

And in some unknown moment join'd
The finished members to the mind.

- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.—(*Pause.*)
- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

Psalm.

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried.

139.

L. M.

Part III.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy
I mourn to hear their lips profane [will!
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whenc'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

God is Everywhere.

Psalm.

139.

C. M.

Part I.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.—(*Pause.*)
- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

Psalm. The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

139.

C. M.

Part II.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.
3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
Was copied by thy art. [laid
4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

Psalm.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

139.

C. M.

Part III.

Ver. 14,

17, 18.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise!
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love revea

- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee!

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house;
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
 And by my warm petitions prove
 How much I prize their faithful love.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief;
 In long complaints before his throne
 I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, who all my burden knows,
 He knows the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,
 And found my helpers gone;
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by,
 Neglected or unknown.

Psalm.

141.

L. M.

Ver.

2—5.

Psalm.

142.

C. M.

- psalm. 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near,—
 142. "Thou art my portion when I die;
 Be thou my refuge here."
 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
 Now let thine ear attend,
 And make my foes who vex me know
 I've an almighty Friend.
 6 From my sad prison set me free,
 Then shall I praise thy name,
 And holy men shall join with me
 Thy kindness to proclaim.

psalm. *Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and*
Body.

143. 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 L. M. Hear when I spread my hands
 abroad,
 And cry for succour from thy throne;
 O make thy truth and mercy known!
 2 Let judgment not against me pass;
 Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
 Should justice call us to thy bar,
 No man alive is guiltless there.
 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
 The mighty woes that burden me;
 Down to the dust my life is brought,
 Like one long buried and forgot.
 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
 My heart is desolate within;
 My thoughts in musing silence trace
 The ancient wonders of thy grace.
 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
 To bear my sinking spirits up;
 I stretch my hands to God again,
 And thirst like parched lands for rain.
 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
 When will thy smiling face return?

- Shall all my joys on earth remove?
 And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
 Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
 My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
 Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
 Distressing pains, distressing fears;
 O might I hear thy morning voice,
 How would my wearied powers rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
 And lift my heavy soul on high;
 For thee sit waiting all the day,
 And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
 Which is the path my feet should go;
 If snares and foes beset the road,
 I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
 And lead me to thy heavenly hill:
 Let the good Spirit of thy love
 Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
 The tempter then shall rage in vain;
 And flesh, that was my foe before,
 Shall never vex my spirit more.

Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My saviour and my shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
 Does my weak courage raise;

Psalm.

143.

Psalm.

144.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1, 2.

He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

Psalm. *The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.*

- 144.** **1** **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
 Born of the earth at first?
 C. M. His life a shadow, light and vain,
 Still hasting to the dust.
 Part II. **2** O what is feeble, dying man,
 Or any of his race,
 Ver. That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace?
 3—6. **3** That God who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the worlds above,
 And mountains tremble at his frown,
 How wondrous is his love!

Psalm. *Grace above Riches.*

- 144.** **1** **H**APPY the city, where their sons,
 Like pillars round a palace set,
 L. M. And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
 Give strength and beauty to the state.
 Part III. **2** Happy the country where the sheep,
 Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
 Ver. Where men securely work or sleep,
 Nor sons of plunder break the peace.
 12—15. **3** Happy the nation thus endow'd;
 But more divinely bless'd are those
 On whom the all-sufficient God
 Himself with all his grace bestows.

Psalm. *The Greatness of God.*

- 145.** **1** **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days
 L. M. Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 Till death and glory raise the song.
 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear,

- And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim :
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

The Greatness of God.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love !
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known ;

Psalm.

145.

Psalm.

145.

C. M.

Part I.

Ver.

1—7,

11—13.

Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

- 6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Psalm.

The Goodness of God.

145.

C. M.

Part II.

Ver.

7, &c.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

Psalm.

Mercy to Sufferers.

145.

C. M.

Part III.

Ver. 14,

17, &c.

- 1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

Psalm.

145.

- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

Psalm.

146.

L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! my heart shall
In works so pleasant, so divine: [join
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
And none shall find his promise vain.

Psalm.

146.

- 5 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

Psalm.

146.

As the

113th

Psalm.

- Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.*
- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :

Let every tongue, let every age,

In this exalted work engage;

Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers;

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

While life, and thought, and being last,

Or immortality endures.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;

His nature and his works invite

To make this duty our delight.

- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just;
And treads the wicked to the dust.—(Pause.)

- 5 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky:
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

psalm.

146.

psalm

147.

L. M.

Part I.

- psalm. 7 What is the creature's skill or force?
 147. The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
 The nimble wit, the active limb,
 Are all too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

psalm.

Summer and Winter.

147.

A Song for Great Britain.

- L. M. 1 **O** BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
 Part II. And make his honours known abroad;
 He bade the ocean round thee flow;
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and bless'd;
 Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
 He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
 Thine early and thy latter rains;
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
 His hail descends with clatt'ring sound:
 Where is the man so vainly bold
 That dares defy his dreadful cold?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow;
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call the Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown;
 His gospel through the nation known;
 He hath not thus revealed his word
 To every land; Praise ye the Lord!

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high :
 O'er the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
 To cheer the plains below :
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the rattling hail,
 The wretch that dares his God defy
 Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join
 R With heaven, and earth, and seas,

Psalm.

147.

C. M.

Ver.

7—9,

13—18

Psalm.

148.

Psalm.

148.

Proper

Metre.

And offer notes divine

To your Creator's praise :

Ye holy throng		In worlds of light
Of angels bright,		Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light :

His power declare,		And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high,		In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command :

He spake the word,		From nothing came
And all their frame		To praise the Lord.

- 4 He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last :

In different ways		His wondrous name,
His works proclaim		And speak his praise

(Pause.)

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep;
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep ;

From sea and shore		And still display
Their tribute pay,		Their Maker's power.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow,
 To execute his word ;

When lightnings shine,		Let earth adore
Or thunders roar,		His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame, | In various forms,
Birds, flies, and worms, | Exalt his name.
- 8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing;
Nor let the dream | Make you forget
Of power and state | His power supreme.
- 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as he reigns | By every tongue
His name be sung | In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above:
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honours high.

Universal Praise to God.

Psalm.

148.

Psalm.

148.

L. M.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell;
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

[*Note.*—This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza; viz.—

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of Long Metre.]

Psalm.

148.

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns :
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss !
Fly through the world, O sun ! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
Valleys, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore ;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme
Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
Oh, for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word:
 Oh, may it dwell on every tongue!
 But saints who best have known the Lord
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
 From all below, and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise the eternal God;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays;
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wondrous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers of snow,
 Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
 His honours be express'd;
 But saints that taste his saving love
 Should sing his praises best.

(Pause I.)

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise;

Psalm.

148.

Psalm.

148.

S. M.

Psalm.

148.

- Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound;
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race
His honours be express'd;
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.
- (*Pause II.*)
- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' Eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feeble voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord! his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bless'd:

But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

Praise God, all his Saints.

Psalm.

149.

C. M.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her king.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues;
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends
Who humbly loved him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dared rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord!

Psalm.

A Song of Praise.

150.

C. M.

Ver.

1, 2, 6.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals;
 To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker bless'd:
 Yet, when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.
-

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints that love the Lord.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death;
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

Carol

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise.
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS.

H Y M N S
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In Three Books.

I.

COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY

I. WATTS, D.D.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God."—Rev. v. 9.

HYMNS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.

Hymn.

1.

C. M.

Rev. v

6—12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints
And these the hymns they raise,
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well:
Lo! in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

- Hymn. 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 1.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

Hymn. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.*

- 2.
- L. M.
- John i.
- 1, 3, 14;
- Col. i. 16.
- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch'd
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power were all things made:
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?
- 4 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears!
The promise is fulfill'd!
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the land abroad,
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
The promised infant born to-day
Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King!"
And straight a flaming troop was seen:
The shepherds heard them sing,
- 7 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth!
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"
- 8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:
- 9 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth.
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"]

Hymn.

3.

S. M.

Luke i.

30, &c.;

ii. 10, &c

Hymn.

3.

C. M.

Luke ii.

10, &c.

SUPPLE-

MENT.

Part I.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your
And send your fears away: [eyes
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day!
- 2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;,
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude their song:
- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above!
Let peace surround the earth!
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise!
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn!
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

Hymn.

4.

The Inward Witness to Christianity.

- 1 Q UESTIONS and doubts be heard no
more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme:

His Spirit seals his gospel sure
To every soul that trusts in him.

- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow, and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

Submission to afflictive Providences.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;

Hymn.

4.

L. M.

SUPPLE-
MENT.

Part II

1 John
v. 10.

Hymn.

5.

C. M.

Job i. 21

S

And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

Triumph over Death.

Hymn.

6.

C. M.

Job xix.

25—27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes;
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

Hymn.

7.

C. M.

Isa. lv. 1,

2, &c.

The Invitation of the Gospel.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin:
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

The Safety and Protection of the Church.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

Hymn.

7.

Hymn.

8.

C. M.

Isa. xxvi

1—6.

Hymn.

8.

- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 [What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.]
- 7 [On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

Hymn.

9.

C. M.

sa. lv. 1,
2; Zech.
xiii. 1;
Mic. vii.
9; Ezek.
xxxvi.
25, &c.

The Promises and the Covenant of Grace.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.]

Hymn.

9.

- 6 And, lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refined;
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

Hymn.

10.

S. M.

Isa. lii. 2

7—10;

Mat. xiii

16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!

Hymn.

10.

Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;

Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Hymn.

11.

*The Humble enlightened, and Carnal Reason
humbled.*

1 **T**HERE was an hour when Christ re-
joiced,

And spoke his joy in words of praise;

L. M.

Luke x.

21, 22.

"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,

Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.

2 I thank thy sovereign power and love
That crowns my doctrine with success,
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of

3 But all this glory lies conceal'd [grace.

From men of prudence and of wit;

The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 Father, 'tis thus because thy will
Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 There's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received,
But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Of of his actions or decrees.

Free Grace in revealing Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days,
 His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
 And turn'd his joy to praise :
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love
 That hath reveal'd thy Son
 To men unlearned, and to babes
 Has made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The mysteries of redeeming grace
 Are hidden from the wise,
 While pride and carnal reasonings join
 To swell and blind their eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
 His great decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his works of grace
 By his own sovereign will.

The Son of God incarnate.

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
 Now have beheld a heavenly light;
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade
 Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The Virgin's promised Son is born,
 Behold the expected Child appear!
 What shall his names or titles be?
 "The Wonderful, the Counsellor."
- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,
 Come to be suckled and adored;
 Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
 The Son of David, and his Lord!]
- 4 The government of earth and seas
 Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
 His wide dominion shall increase,
 And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
 High on his father David's throne;

Hymn.

12.

C. M.

Luke x.

21.

Hymn

13.

L. M.

Isa. ix. 2,

6, 7.

Hymn.

14.

L. M.

Rom. viii.

33, &c.

Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

The Triumph of Faith.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Hymn.

15.

L. M.

2 Cor. xii.

7, 9, 10.

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day,"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

- 3 I can do all things or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 [So Samson, when his hair was lost,
 Met the Philistines to his cost,
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

Hosannah to Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the royal Son
 Of David's ancient line!
 His natures two, his person one,
 Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here, we find,
 And offspring is the same;
 Eternity and time are join'd
 In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
 With peaceful news from heaven!
 Hosannas of the highest strain
 To Christ the Lord be given!
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
 Th' hosannah on their tongues,
 Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
 Their silence into songs.

Victory over Death.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster Death,
 And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have
 My quivering lips should sing,

Hymn.

15.

Hymn.

16.

C. M.

Mat. xxi
 9; Luke
 xix. 38,
 40.

Hymn.

17.

C. M.

1 Cor. xv
 55, &c.

Hymn.

17.

- Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

Hymn.

18.

- Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.*
- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

C. M.

Rev. xiv.

13.

Hymn.

19.

- The Song of Simeon.*
- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

C. M.

Luke ii.

27, &c.

- 4 This is the light prepared to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands ;
 Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
 To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms ;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings
 How sweet my minutes roll! [break,
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.]

Spiritual Apparel.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my heart! arise, my tongue!
 Prepare a tuneful voice;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine:
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear!
 These ornaments, how bright they shine,
 How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope, and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great Sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all my powers agree.

Hymn.

19.

Hymn.

20.

C. M.

Isa. lxi

10.

Hymn.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

21.

C. M.

Rev. xxi

1—4.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are pass'd away,
 And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 "Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
 Removes his bless'd abode;
 Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye,
 And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
 And death itself, shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

Hymn.

Christ the Eternal Life.

22.

L. M.

Part I.

Rom. ix.

5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Saviour and our God,
 Array'd in majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.
- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid
 In thee, our surety and our head;
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
 Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 3 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
 Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;

A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

- 4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and taste thy love.

Flesh and Spirit.

- 1 **W**HAT vain desires and passions vain
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wander'd from my God!
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defiled my nobler frame!
- 3 For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my soul anew,
And made it of a heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.
- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.
- 6 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on;
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone!

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

Hymn.

22.

Hymn.

22.

C. M.

Part II.

Rom. viii

1.

Hymn.

23.

Hymn. 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !
 Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke !

23.

L. M.

Part I.

2 Cor. v. 8.

3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,
 Where feet nor wings could never climb,
 Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
 Measuring the cares and joys of time.
 4 I go where God and glory shine,
 His presence makes eternal day :
 My all that's mortal I resign,
 For angels wait and point my way.

Hymn.

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.

23.

L. M.

Part II.

Mark x.

21.

1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,
 So hopeless to salvation prove ?
 Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
 The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?
 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
 Paid friends and neighbours all their due ;
 A modest, sober, lovely youth,
 And thought he wanted nothing new.
 3 But mark the change : thus spake the Lord—
 “ Come, part with earth for heaven to-day ; ”
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.
 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure !
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure.
 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here !
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold !
 Must this base world be bought so dear ?
 Are life and heaven so cheaply sold ?
 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion govern me :
 Transform my soul, O love divine !
 And make me part with all for thee.

The rich Sinner dying.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
 And heap their shining dust in vain,
 Look down and scorn the humble poor,
 And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,
 Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
 From glittering roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The lingering, the unwilling soul
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
 Their bones without distinction lie
 Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

A Vision of the Lamb.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities, begone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
 Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
 A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
 Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
 Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
 To speak his wisdom and his power.
- 3 Lo! he receives a sealed book
 From him that sits upon the throne;
 Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
 On dark decrees and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
 And in new songs of gospel sound
 Address their honours to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,
 Flies o'er the everlasting hills:

Hymn.

24.

L. M.

Psa. xlix

6,9; Eccl

viii. 8;

Job iii. 14

15.

Hymn.

25.

L. M.

Rev. v

6—9.

Hymn.

25.

- “Worthy art thou alone,” they cry,
 “To read the book, to loose the seals.”
 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
 And with transporting pleasure sing,—
 “Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.
 To be our Teacher and our King!”
 7 His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs;
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
 8 Thou hast redeem’d our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood;
 And wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made fav’rites of their God.
 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord
 That died for treasons not his own,
 By every tongue to be adored,
 And dwell upon his Father’s throne!

Hymn.

26.

C. M.

Peter i.

3—5.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 BLESS’D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord,
 Be his abounding mercy praised,
 His majesty adored!
 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
 And call’d him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
 3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all his followers must.
 4 There’s an inheritance divine
 Reserved against that day;
 ’Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot waste away.
 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
 Till the salvation come;

We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Assurance of Heaven.

- 1 **[D]**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaims
'Tis some victorious king:

Hymn.

27.

C. M.

2 Tim. iv

6—8, 18

Hymn.

28.

C. M.

Is. lxiii.

1—3, &c.

T

Hymn.

28.

- " 'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
That your salvation bring."
3 " Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,
" Why, thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?"
4 " I, by myself, have trod the press,
And crush'd my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamp'd them down.
5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains;
The triumph that my raiment wears
Sprung from their bleeding veins.
6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
That dare insult my saints;
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints."

Hymn.

29.

C. M.

Isa. lxiii.

4—7.

The Ruin of Antichrist.

- 1 " **I** LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
" Where Antichrist has stood;
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.
2 " My heart has studied just revenge,
And now the day appears;
The day of my redeem'd is come
To wipe away their tears.
3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go:
Swift as the lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.
4 " I call for helpers, but in vain;
Then has my gospel none?
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.
5 " Slaughter and my devouring sword
Shall walk the streets around,

Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
And stagger to the ground."

- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God!
But they shall see thy lifted hand
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes;
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings;
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Condescending Grace.

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

Hymn.

30.

L. M.

Isa. xxvi

8—20.

Hymn.

31.

Hymn.

31.

C. M.

Part I.

Psalm

cxxxviii.

6.

- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb! what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways
How deep thy judgments be!

The Christian's hidden life.

Hymn.

31.

C. M.

Part II.

Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time:
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
 To meet that glorious day;
 But patient waits his Saviour's will
 To fetch his soul away.

Strength from Heaven.

1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts
 arise?

And where's our courage fled?
 Have restless sin and raging hell
 Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
 That form'd the earth and sea?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell;
 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But we that wait upon the Lord
 Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

Absurdity of Infidelity.

1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross
 Of our Redeemer God?
 Shall infidels reproach his laws,
 Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
 To cleanse us from our faults?
 May not the works of sovereign grace
 Transcend our feeble thoughts?

Hymn.

32.

C. M.

Isa. xl.

27—30.

Hymn.

33.

C. M.

1 Cor. i.

26—31.

Hymn.

33.

- 3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin,
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake,
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

Hymn.

34.

L. M.

Part I.

Rom. i.

16.

- The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation.*
- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven?
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;

Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

None excluded from Hope.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

Faith the Way to Salvation.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

Hymn.

34.

C. M.

Part II.

Rom. i.

16.

Hymn.

35.

Hymn.

35.

L. M.

Part I.

Rom. i.

16; Eph.

ii. 8, 9.

- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdued.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

Hymn.

35.

C. M.

Part II.

Phil. iv. 8.

Truth, Sincerity, &c.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears;
They live in truth, and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive th' immortal crown.

Hymn.

36.

A lovely carriage.

- 1 **O** 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,

- Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursued;
His flesh and blood were all refined,
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay?
- 4 What black reproach defiled his name,
When with our sins he took our shame!

Hymn.

36.

C. M.

Matt. x.

16.

Hymn.

37.

L. M

Part I.

Phil. ii

8, 9;

Mark xv.

20, 24,

29; Col.

ii. 15.

Hymn.

37.

- He whom adoring angels bless'd
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
5 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death!
6 But see the wonders of his power!
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
7 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

Zeal and Fortitude.

Hymn.

37.

C. M.

Part II.

Matt. v.

16,

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.
2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God!
4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrowed rays.—(*Pause.*)
5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?
The followers of the Lamb?

- And shall we fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
 6 Now must we fight if we would reign ;
 Increase our courage, Lord !
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
 7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they're slain ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.
 8 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

The Atonement of Christ.

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin !
 Yet nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful wound.
 2 In vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own !
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.
 3 The threat'nings of thy broken law
 Impress our souls with dread ;
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes our spirits dead.
 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answer'd these demands ;
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Came down by Jesus' hands.
 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
 The altar and the lamb ;
 And prophets in their visions see
 Salvation through his name.
 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
 'Tis on thy cross we rest ;

Hymn.

37.

Hymn.

38.

C. M.

Part I.

Rom. iii

25.

For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever bless'd.

Hymn.

The universal law of Equity.

38.

L. M.

Part II.

Matt. viii.

12.

- 1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine—
"To do to all men just the same
As we expect or wish from them."
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 How bless'd would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy bless'd maxims, be our guide.

Hymn.

God's tender care of his Church.

39.

C. M.

Isa. xlix.

13, &c.

- 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song:
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicious, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature
And mothers monsters prove, [change,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands,
I have engraved her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless
white?

Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?"

2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannahs, night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst begone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams:
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heal all their wounds, and wipe their tears.

Hymn

39.

Hymn.

40.

L. M.

Rev. vii

13, &c.

Hymn.

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints.

41.

1 **T**HESE glorious minds, how bright they
shine!

C. M.

“ Whence all their white array?

Rev. vii.

How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?”

13, &c.

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

Hymn.

Divine Wrath and Mercy.

42.

1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire!

C. M.

His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

Nah. i.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!

1—3;

Heb. xii.

Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

29.

- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forced into a flame;
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze,
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave;
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne;
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

Jesus our Surety and Saviour.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
The fiery law speaks all despair; [dead;
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But O! unutterable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

Hymn.

42.

Hymn.

43.

L. M.

Part I.

1 Pet. i.

18; Gal.

iii. 13;

Rom. iv.

25.

Hymn.

43.

- 5 Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns!
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts adored:
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.
- 7 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and paved with love;
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Hymn.

43.

L. M.

Part II.

1 Cor. iii.
21.

- The Christian's Treasure.*
- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 All things are ours: the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my bless'd estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will:
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

Hymn.

44.

- Christ's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*
- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!

- A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
 5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.
 6 Say "Live for ever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

The true Improvement of Life.

- 1 **A**ND is this life prolong'd to me?
 Are days and seasons given?
 O let me, then, prepare to be
 A fitter heir of heaven.
 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
 These golden hours be gone;
 Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
 I bow before thy throne.
 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
 By my Redeemer's blood;
 Now let my flesh and soul begin
 The honours of my God.
 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
 With sin's deceitful toys;

Hymn.

44.

L. M.

Part I.

Luke

xxiii, 27,

29, 44-46;

Matt,

xxvii, 50,

57; xxviii.

6, &c.

Hymn.

44.

C. M.

Part II.

Ps. xc. 12.

Hymn.

44.

- Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
 Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
 The wonders of thy praise,
 And spread the savour of thy name
 Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine,
 And when I leave this state,
 May heaven receive this soul of mine
 To bliss supremely great.

Hymn.

45.

C. M.

Rev. xxi.

5—8.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 SEE where the great incarnate God
 Fills a majestic throne;
 While from the skies his awful voice
 Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 [" I am the first, and I the last,
 Through endless years the same;
 I AM is my memorial still,
 And my eternal name.
- 3 " Such favours as a God can give
 My royal grace bestows:
 Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
 Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 " The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
 I'll own him for a son:
 The whole creation shall reward
 The conquests he has won.
- 5 " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
 And all the lying race,
 The faithless and the scoffing crew,
 That spurn at offer'd grace:
- 6 " They shall be taken from my sight,
 Bound fast in iron chains,
 And headlong plunged into the lake
 Where fire and darkness reigns."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
 With blessings on my head:

8 May I with those for ever dwell
 Who here were my delight!
 While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
 No more offend my sight.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
 How high thy wonders rise;
 Known through the earth by thousand
 By thousands through the skies. [signs,
 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill,
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Our souls are fill'd with awe divine
 To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones;
 O the dear myst'ries of his cross,
 The triumph of his groans!

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains;
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

Privileges of the Living above the Dead.

1 **A**WAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
 To serve my Saviour here below,

Hymn.

45.

Hymn.

46.

C. M.

Part I.

Rom. i.

30, and v.

8, 9;

1 Pet. iii.

22.

Hymn.

46.

Hymn.

46.

L. M.

Part II.

Isaiah
xxxviii.

18, 19.

In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t' encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

Death of Kindred improved.

Hymn.

47.

C. M.

Zech. i. 5.

1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

The Christian Race.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
 Let every trembling thought begone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint;—
- 3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee the overflowing spring
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Works of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
 Who would not fear thy name?
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
 Who would not love the Lamb?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
 Our Prophet and our King;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
 But his own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed;

Hymn.

48.

L. M.

Isa. xl.

28—31.

Hymn.

49.

C. M.

Rev. xv.

3.

Hymn.

49.

- Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Hymn.

50.

C. M.

Luke i. 68.

&c; John

i. 29, 32.

The Song of Zacharias.

- 1 **N**OW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the Branch of Promise grow,
The promised horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.
- 5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
On his baptizing day.]
- 6 "Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.
- 7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;

And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

- 8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

Preserving Grace.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Baptism.

'**T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize,"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

Hymn.

51.

S. M.

Jude ver.

24, 25.

Hymn.

52.

L. M.

Matt.

xxvii. 19;

Acts ii.

38.

Hymn.

52.

- 3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
 O may the Great Eternal Three
 In heaven our solemn vows record!

Hymn.

The Holy Scriptures.

53.

L. M.

Heb. i. 1;

2 Tim. iii.

15, 16;

Ps. cxlvii.

19, 20.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told
 His mind and will to saints of old,
 Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
 That book of life, that sure record;
 The bright inheritance of heaven
 Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
 Able to make us wise and bless'd;
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye British isles, who read his love
 In long epistles from above,
 (He hath not sent his sacred word
 To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

Hymn.

Electing Grace.

54.

L. M.

Eph. i. 3,

&c.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
 Thy God and ours are both the same;
 What heavenly blessings from his throne
 Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 "Christ, be my first elect," he said,
 Then chose our souls in Christ our head.

Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
“Blameless in love, a holy seed.”
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once,
A new, regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
Till he forgets his first-beloved.

Hezekiah's Song.

- 1 **W**HEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
“Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.”
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

Hymn.

54.

Hymn.

55.

C. M.

Isaiah

xxxviii.

9, &c.

- 6 If half the strings of life should break,
 He can our frame restore:
 He casts our sins behind his back,
 And they are found no more.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

Hymn.

56.

C. M.

Rev. xv.

3; xvi. 19;

xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
 We sound thy dreadful name;
 The Christian church unites the songs
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God! how wondrous are thy work
 Of vengeance and of grace!
 Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
 How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dare refuse to fear thy name,
 Or worship at thy throne?
 Thy judgments speak thine holiness
 Through all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
 Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
 Her crimes shall speedily awake
 The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
 And she must drink the dregs:
 Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge
 And shall fulfil the plagues.

Original Sin.

Hymn.

57.

C. M.

Rom. v.

12, &c.;

Ps. li. 5;

Job xiv.

4

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we
 On our original; {look
 How is our nature dash'd and broke
 In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,
 But prone to all that's ill;
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
 How obstinate our will!
- 3 [Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
 Before we draw our breath;

The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins.]

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be,
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosannah to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust!

The Devil vanquished.

1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael
Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King, [stood
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assumed his reigning power;

Hymn.

57.

Hymn.

58.

L. M.

Rev. xii

7.

Hymn.

58.

- Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.
6 Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky!
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high!

Hymn.

59.

L. M.

Rev.

xviii. 20,

21.

Babylon fallen.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon;
"Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints."
2 He said, and, dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all."

Hymn.

60.

L. M.

Luke i.

46, &c.

The Virgin Mary's Song.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God our Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.
2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the Mother of his Son.
3 Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be adored:
Holy and reverend is his name.]
4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
 "In thee shall all the earth be bless'd:"
 The memory of that ancient word
 Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
 Lo, the desire of nations comes;
 Behold the promised seed is born!

Christ our High Priest and King.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And wash'd us in his richest blood;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confess'd,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move:
 Though with our sins we pierced him once,
 Then he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day:
 Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all
 the Creation.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne:
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

Hymn.

60.

Hymn.

61.

L. M.

Rev. i.

5—7.

Hymn.

62.

Hymn. 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"

62. "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

C. M. 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
Rev. v. And blessings more than we can give.
11—13. Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

Hymn.

63. 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

L. M.

Rev. v. 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
12. The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are his due
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
Though he was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb
 Who bore the curse for wretched men!
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

Adoption.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King—
 God's everlasting Son:
 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
 5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
 6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 My faith shall Abba Father cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

*The Kingdoms of the World become the King-
 doms of the Lord.*

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

Hymn

64.

S. M.

1 John

iii. 1;

Gal. iv. 6

Hymn.

65.

Hymn.

65.

L. M.

Rev. xi.

15—18.

- 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come :
Jesus the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more :
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear ;
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

Hymn.

66.

L. M.

Sol. Song

i. 2, &c.

Christ the King at his Table.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heavenly love ;
The voice that tells me, " Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms ;
My soul shall fly into thine arms ;
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys ;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

- 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait, until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

The Banquet of Love.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;

Hymn

66.

Hymn.

67.

L. M.

Sol. Song

i. 7.

Hymn.

68.

L. M.

Sol. Song

ii. 1—7.

X

Hymn.

68.

- So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed mine eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.]
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

Hymn.

69.

L. M.

Sol. Song

ii. 8—13.

Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her company.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue,
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away
No mortal joys are worth thy stay."
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
The sacred turtle-dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
 Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit:
 Lo! we are come to taste the wine;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
 "Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

*Christ inviting, and the Church answering the
 Invitation.*

1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high
 Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
 From caves of darkness and of doubt,
 He gently speaks, and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
 Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
 Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
 And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
 My graces in thy count'nance meet;
 Though the vain world thy face despise,
 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
 The hope thine invitation gives;
 To thee our joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am my love's, and he is mine;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
 Nor let a motion, nor a word,
 Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
 Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
 Amongst the saints, whose robes are white,
 Wash'd in his blood, is his delight.

7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
 Till the sweet dawning light I see,

Hymn.

69.

Hymn.

70.

L. M.

Sol. Song

ii.14—17

Hymn.

70.

Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
 Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
 Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
 Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
 My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

Hymn.

71.

L. M.

Sol. Song

iii. 1—5.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the Church.

1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
 Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
 With warm desire and restless thought,
 I seek him oft, but find him not.
 2 Then I arise and search the street,
 Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
 I ask the watchman of the night,
 "Where did you see my soul's delight?"
 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
 Directed by a heavenly ray;
 I leap for joy to see his face,
 And hold him fast in mine embrace.
 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
 Nor does my Lord refuse to come
 To Sion's sacred chambers, where
 My soul first drew the vital air.
 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
 Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;
 I give my soul to him, and there
 Our loves their mutual token share.]
 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
 Approach not to disturb my joys;
 Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
 Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

Hymn.

72.

The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church.

1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
 The crown of honour and of gold

- Which the glad church with joys unknown
Placed on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring:
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

The Church's Beauty in the eyes of Christ.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word:
"Lo! thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
I will behold no spot in thee:"
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defiled and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;

Hymn.

72.

L. M.

Sol. Song

iii. 11.

Hymn.

73.

L. M.

Sol. Song

iv. 1—11

Hymn.

73.

- Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy powerful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains."
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

Hymn.

74.

L. M.

Sol. Song
iv. 12-15;
v. 1.

The Church the Garden of Christ.

- 1 **WE** are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And every grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
"I come, my spouse, I come!" he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,

And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

- 7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love."

- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live [give.
Demands more praise than tongue can

The Description of Christ the Beloved.

- 1 **T**HE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"

- 2 Yes! my beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me!

- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with sins and agonies,

Hymn.

74.

Hymn.

75.

L. M.

Sol. Song

v. 9—16

Hymn

75.

- Now on the throne of his command
 His legs like marble pillars stand.]
 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
 The eagle temper'd with the dove;
 No more shall trickling sorrows roll
 Through those dear windows of his soul.]
 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
 Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints;
 His countenance more graceful is
 Than Lebanon with all its trees.
 10 All over glorious is my Lord;
 Must be beloved, and yet adored:
 His worth if all the nations knew,
 Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Hymn.

76.

L. M.

Sol. Song
 vi. 1—3,
 12.

- Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.*
 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
 What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
 Where he is gone they fain would know,
 That they may seek and love him too.
 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
 On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
 But he descends and shows his face
 In the young gardens of his grace.
 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
 Where fruitful trees in order stand;
 He feeds among the spicy beds,
 Where lilies show their spotless heads.
 4 He has engross'd my warmest love:
 No earthly charms my soul can move;
 I have a mansion in his heart,
 Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
 And shows me where his glories are;
 No chariot of Aminadib
 The heavenly rapture can describe.
 6 O may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies,

Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.]

*Love of Christ to the Church in his language to
her and provisions for her.*

1 **N**OW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says:

"How fair my saints are in my sight!
My love how pleasant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

The Strength of Christ's Love.

1 **[W**HO is this fair one in distress
That travels from the wilderness?
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;

Hymn.

77.

L. M.

Sol. Son
vii. 5-13

Hymn.

78.

L. M.

Sol. Song
viii. 5-7,
&c.

Hymn.

78.

- Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

Hymn.

79.

L. M.

Ps. xix. 5,

3; lxxiii.

24, 25.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise.
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his grace begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;

Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

A Song for Morning or Evening.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Hymn.

79.

Hymn.

80.

L. M.

Ps. iv. 8

iii. 5, 6;

cxliii. 8

Hymn.

81.

Hymn.

81.

L. M.

Lam. iii.

23; Isa.

xlv. 7.

Hymn.

82.

L. M.

Job iv.

17—21.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

God far above Creatures.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

Hymn.

83.

C. M.

Job v.

6—8.

Afflictions and Death under Providence.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;

- So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.
 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promised grace;
 He rules me by his well-known laws
 Of love and righteousness.
 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
 Shall spoil my future peace,
 For death and hell can do no more
 Than what my Father please.

Hymn.

83.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ.

Hymn.

84.

L. M.

Isa. xlv.

21—25.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks! let Israel hear;
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims
 His sovereign honours and his names.
 2 "I am the last, and I the first,
 The Saviour God, and God the just;
 There's none beside pretends to show
 Such justice and salvation too.
 3 ["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
 Just on the verge of death and hell,
 Look up to me from distant lands,
 Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.
 4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
 Nor shall the word in vain return;
 To me shall all things bend the knee,
 And every tongue shall swear to me.]
 5 "In me alone shall men confess
 Lies all their strength and righteousness;
 But such as dare despise my name,
 I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
 6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
 Of Israel from their sins be freed,
 And by their shining graces prove
 Their interest in my pard'ning love."

Hymn.

85.

S. M.

Isa. xlv.

21—25.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne :
“ Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.
2 “ Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov’ring grace.”
3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own
“ Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.”
4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven :
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

Hymn.

86.

C. M.

Job ix.

2—10.

God holy, just, and sovereign.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam’s race
Be pure before their God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I’ll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker’s hand to rise,
Or tempt th’ unequal war.
4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th’ obedient sun forbears ;

His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One:

"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 "But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 "[When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day]

Hymn.

86.

Hymn.

87.

L. M.

Isa. lvii

15, 16.

Hymn.

88.

L. M.

Eccles.

ix. 4,

&c.

Hymn.

88.

- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

Hymn.

89.

L. M.

Eccles.

xi. 9.

Youth and Judgment.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire;
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?
- 5 Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord

Youth and Judgment.

- 1 **L**O! the young tribes of Adam rise,
 And through all nature rove;
 Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
 And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;
 But let the sinners know
 The strict account that God requires
 Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
 The frightened earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test?
 I give all mortal joys away
 To be for ever bless'd.

Advice to Youth; or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted State.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood
 Remember your Creator, God;
 Behold the months come hastening on,
 When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
 The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
 Teach me to know how frail I am;
 And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

Hymn.

90.

C. M.

Eccles.

xi. 9.

Hymn.

91.

L. M.

Eccles.

xii. 1, 7;

Isa. lxxv.

20.

Y

Hymn.

Christ the Wisdom of God.

92.

S. M.

Prov.

viii. 1,

22—32.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 "[Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 "My busy thoughts at first,
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord:
 “Blest is the man that hears my
 Keeps daily watch before my gates, [word,
 And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
 Immortal life is his reward,
 Life, and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me
 Doth his own soul an injury;
 Fools that against my grace rebel
 Seek death, and love the road to hell.”

Justification by Faith, not by Works.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murm’ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God’s righteous law
 To justify us now;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

Regeneration.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has given,
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
 Can raise a soul to heaven.

Hymn.

93.

L. M.

Prov.

viii.

34—36.

Hymn.

94.

C. M.

Rom. iii

19—22.

Hymn.

95.

Hymn

95.

John i.
3; & iii.
3, &c.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Election excludes boasting.

Hymn.

96.

C. M.
1 Cor. i.
26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God:
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

Hymn.

97.

- Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.*
- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;

Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness!"

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven:
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

Hymn.

97.

L. M.

1 Cor. i.

30.

Hymn.

98.

S. M.

1 Cor. i.

30.

Hymn.

99.

C. M.

Matt. iii.

9.

Stones made Children of Abraham.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place
 Upon their birth and blood,
 Descended from a pious race;
 (Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
 Can take the hardest stones,
 And fill the house of Abra'm well
 With new created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous power doth he possess
 Who form'd our mortal frame,
 Who call'd the world from emptiness —
 The world obey'd and came.

Hymn.

100.

L. M.

John iii.

16—18.

Believe and be saved.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
 On rebels who refuse the grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

Hymn.

101.

Joys in Heaven for a Repenting Sinner.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born!

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 [BLESS'D are the humble souls that
Their emptiness and poverty; [see
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]
- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.]
- 5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

Hymn.

101.

L. M.

Luke xv.

7, 10.

Hymn.

102.

L. M.

Matt. v.

2—12.

- 8 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.]

Hymn.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

103.

C. M.

2 Tim. i.
12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Hymn.

A State of Nature and Grace.

104.

C. M.

1 Cor. vi.
10, 11.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name,
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!

We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

Heaven Invisible and Holy.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

Dead to sin by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

Hymn.

105.

C. M.

1 Cor. ii

9, 10;

Rev. xxi

27.

Hymn.

106.

S. M.

Rom. vi

1, 2, 6.

Hymn.

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

107.

L. M.

Gen. iii.
1, 15, 17;
Gal. iv. 4;
Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **D**ECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord:
"Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 The woman's seed shall be my Son;
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel."
- 5 [He spake: and bade four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

Hymn.

Christ unseen and beloved.

108.

S. M.

1 Pet. i. 3.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow

Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

The value of Christ, and his Righteousness.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Death and immediate Glory.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

Hymn.

109.

L. M.

Phil. iii.

7—9.

Hymn.

110.

C. M.

2 Cor. v.

1, 5—8.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

Hymn.

Salvation by Grace.

111.

C. M.

Titus iii.

3—7.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been!
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace
 Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
 And, justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

Hymn.

Looking to Jesus.

112.

- 1 **S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high,
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
 And live," the prophet cries;

But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns :
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine
To Abra'm and his seed !
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given :
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways,
His love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too

Hymn.

112.

C. M.

John iii.

14—16.

Hymn.

113.

C. M.

Gen. xvii.

7 ; Rom.

xv. 8 ;

Mark x.

14.

Hymn.

114.

C. M.

Rom. xi.

16, 17.

Hymn.

114.

- 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

Hymn.

115.

C. M.

Rom. vii.
8, 9, 14,
24.

- Conviction of Sin by the Law.*
- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Hymn.

116.

- Love to God and our Neighbour.*
- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite

- To love thy Maker and thy God
 With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 Share thine affections and esteem,
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But oh! how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal;
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

Election sovereign and free.

- 1 **[B]**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessel as he please;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to choose
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will,
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What if, to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?
- 5 What if he means to show his grace,
 And his electing love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heavenly joys?]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,

Hymn.

116.

L. M.

Matt.

xxii.

37—40.

Hymn.

117.

L. M.

Rom. ix.

21—24.

Hymn.

117.

- The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
7 But, O my soul! if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

Hymn.

118.

S. M.

John i.

17; Heb.

iii. 3, 5,

6; x. 23,

29.

- Sins against the Law and the Gospel.*
1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.
4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

Hymn.

119.

- Different Success of the Gospel.*
1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme:
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
 With joy receive the word;
 They see what wisdom, power, and love,
 Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
 Restores their fainting breath;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

Faith of Things unseen.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's almighty word;
 Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by th' eternal hands;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

Children devoted to God.

For those who practise Infant Baptism.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee;
 I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 Shall be a seed for me."

Hymn.

119.

C. M.

1 Cor. i.

23, 24;

iii. 6, 7;

2 Cor. ii.

16.

Hymn.

120.

C. M.

Heb. xi.

1, &c.

Hymn.

121.

Z

Hymn.

121.

C. M.

Gen. xvii.

7, 10;

Acts xvi.

14, 15,

33.

- 2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing gaoler gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

Hymn.

122.

L. M.

Rom. vi.

3, 4, &c.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again:
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

Hymn.

123.

C. M.

Luke xv.

43, &c.

The repentant Prodigal.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 "I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face,—

Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command,
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

The first and second Adam.

Hymn.

123.

Hymn.

124.

L. M.

Rom. v.

12, &c.

1 **D**EEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame!

2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death like a conqueror seized us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the second from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

Hymn.

124.

- 5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

Hymn.

125.

C. M.

Heb. iv.
15, 16; v.
7; Matt.
xii. 20.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Hymn.

126.

Charity and Uncharitableness.

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;

But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence;
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like a sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

The Apostles' Commission.

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace
receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true"

Hymn.

126.

L. M.

Rom. xiv.

17, 19;

1 Cor. x.

32.

Hymn.

127.

L. M.

Matt. xi.

28—30.

Hymn.

128.

Hymn.

128.

L. M.

Mark xvi.

15, &c.

Matt.

xxviii. 18,

&c.

- By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.
 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid;" [pbeme.
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
 4 "Teach all the nations my commands,
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in my hands,
 I can destroy, and I defend."
 5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

Hymn.

129.

L. M.

Gen. xxii.

6, &c.

- Submission and Deliverance.*
 1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
 Give up your comforts to the Lord;
 He shall restore what you resign,
 Or grant you blessings more divine.
 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand,
 Led forth his son at God's command!
 The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
 His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
 3 "Abra'm, forbear!" the angel cried,
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
 Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
 4 Just in the last distressing hour
 The Lord displays delivering power;
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

Hymn.

130.

- Love and Hatred.*
 1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
 By his last groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints

- 2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone;
 Envy and spite, for ever cease;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,
 Who seals our souls to heavenly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts!
 Through all our lives let mercy run;
 So God forgives our numerous faults,
 For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

The Pharisee and Publican.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
 The Publican and Pharisee;
 One doth his righteousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
 And cries for grace with lifted hands;
 That boldly rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
 And diff'rent answers he bestows;
 The humble soul with grace he crowns,
 Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father! let me never be
 Join'd with the boasting Pharisee!
 I have no merits of my own,
 But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

Holiness and Grace.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honours of our Saviour God,

Hymn.

130.

L. M.

Phil. ii.
 2; Ephes
 iv. 30, &c

Hymn.

131.

L. M.

Luke
 xviii. 10,
 &c.

Hymn.

132.

L. M.

Titus ii.
 10—13.

Hymn.

132.

When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.
 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hymn.

133.

C. M.

1 Cor.

xiii. 2—7,

13.

Love and Charity.

1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
 Their faith and zeal declare;
 All their religion is a dream,
 If love be wanting there.
 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provoked in haste;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.
 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Though she endure the wrong.]
 4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.]
 5 She lays her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbour's good;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.
 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
 In all the realms above;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

Hymn.

134.

L. M.

1 Cor.

xiii. 1—3.

Hymn.

135.

L. M.

Eph. iii.

16, &c.

Hymn.

136.

Hymn.

136.

C. M.

John iv.

24; Ps.

cxxxix.

23, 24.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Hymn.

137.

L. M.

2 Tim. i.

9, 10.

- Salvation by Grace in Christ.*
- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that began
To rescue rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

Hymn.

138.

- Saints in the hands of Christ.*
- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;

- If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
 The meanest of his sheep:
 All that his heavenly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
 His favourites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

Hope in the Covenant.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

A living and a dead Faith.

Collected from several Scriptures.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of
 heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead,

Hymn.

138.

C. M.

John x.

28, 29.

Hymn.

139.

L. M.

Heb. vi.

17—19.

Hymn.

140.

C. M.

Hymn.

140.

None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;

'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;

This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 [Faith must obey her Father's will

As well as trust his grace;

A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.]

6 When from the curse he sets us free,

He makes our natures clean:

Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 [His Spirit purifies our frame,

And seals our peace with God;

Jesus and his salvation came

By water and by blood.]

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

Hymn.

141.

S. M.

Isa. liii.

1—5,

10—12.

1 **W**HO hath believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?

Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here

Too mean for their belief;

Sorrows his chief acquaintance were;

And his companion grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,

And treated him with scorn;

But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,

Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,

And Gentiles then unknown,

The God of justice pleased to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

- 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in his hand."
- 6 ["His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 ["Ten thousand captive slaves,
Released from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his power divine.]
- 8 ["Heaven shall advance my Son
To joys that earth denied;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins and died."]

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men

Hymn.

141.

Hymn.

142.

S. M.

Isa. liii.

6—12.

And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long."

Hymn.

143.

C. M.

From
several
Scrip-
tures.

Characters of God's Children.

- 1 **S**O new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!

To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face?

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;

Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:

Then shall I say, "my Father God!"
With an unwavering tongue.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Christ and Aaron.

1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

Hymn

143.

Hymn.

144.

C. M.

Rom. viii.

14, 16;

Ephes. i.

13, 14.

Hymn.

145.

C. M.

Heb. vii.

and ix.

Hymn.

145.

- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran through sev'ral
For mortal was their race; [hands,
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne;
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

Characters of Christ.

Hymn.

146.

L. M.

Borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;

Hymn.

146.

- That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrantcy in all her fields;
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!]
- 7 [Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below and saints above
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;

Hymn.

146.

- A paradise divinely fair;
 None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he design'd the corner-stone,
 For men to build their heaven upon?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple? I adore
 Th' indwelling majesty and power;
 And still to this most holy place,
 Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
 Piercing the shades with dawning light;
 I know his glories from afar,
 I know the bright, the morning-star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy and righteousness;
 Nations rejoice when he appears
 To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise!
 There he displays his power abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears:
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.

Hymn.

147.

L. M.

From
 several
 Scrip-
 tures.

The Names and Titles of Christ.

- 1 [TIS from the treasures of his word
 I borrow titles for my Lord;
 Nor art nor nature can supply
 Sufficient forms of majesty.]
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
 Shining with undiminish'd rays;
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
 Writes his own name upon his thigh;

He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The lamb resents his injured love;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

The Names and Titles of Christ.

- 1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.]
- 3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd the Word of God;
He rules the earth with iron rod.

Hymn.

147.

Hymn.

148.

As the
48th
Psalm.

From
several
Scrip-
tures.

Hymn.

148.

- 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love:
Awakes his wrath without delay,
As lions roar, and tear their prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men;
Nor will he bear those names in vain.
- 6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part:
He is a Friend and Brother too,
Divinely kind, divinely true.
- 7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints completely prove
The heights and depths of all his love.

The Offices of Christ.

Hymn.

149.

L. M.

From
several
Scrip-
tures.

- 1 **J**OIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.]

Hymn.

149.

- 4 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd: he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has died;
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by:
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 [Should death, and hell, and powers un-
Put all their forms of mischief on, [known,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

Hymn.

The Offices of Christ.

150.

As the

148th.

From
several
Scrip-
tures.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace !
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 [Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

Hymn.

150.

- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]
- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.]
- 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on:
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

Hymn.

I.

L. M.

A Song in Praise to God from Great Britain.

- 1 NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]
- 5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,

And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

Hymn.

1.

8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs:
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosannah from ten thousand tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

The Death of a Sinner.

Hymn.

2.

C. M.

1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,—
Damnation and the dead:
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace! that kept my breath,
Nor bade my soul remove,

Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love!

Hymn.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

3.

1 **W**HEN do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?

C. M.

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?

Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?

There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:

Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;

Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:

Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Hymn.

Salvation in the Cross.

4.

1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

L. M.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its regions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

Hymn.

4.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear :
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood ?
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosannah to my dying God !
And my best honours to his name !

Longing to praise Christ better.

Hymn.

1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder
roll

5.

L. M.

O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross ;

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died
Sit glorious by his Father's side ;

3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fired with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains :
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

Hymn.

A Morning Song.

6.

C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy Justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Hymn.

An Evening Song.

7.

C. M.

- 1 **[D**READ Sovereign! let my evening
song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.]

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee ;
 And to thy grace my soul resign
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand !
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power
 That raised us with a word,
 And every day and every hour
 We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our wearied head,
 And angels guard the room ;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day ;
 For death stands ready at the door
 To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
 To God's avenging law ;
 We own thy grace, Immortal King,
 In every gasp we draw.

Hymn.

7.

Hymn.

8.

C. M.

- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

Hymn.

*Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of
Christ.*

9.

C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood.]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Hymn.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

10.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

Hymn.

10.

Hymn.

11.

L. M.

Hymn.

12.

C. M.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

Hymn.

13.

L. M.

Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;

He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in ;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again !
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;

Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be-
Let my religious hours alone ; [gone,
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Hymn.

13.

Hymn

14.

S. M.

Hymn

15.

L. M.

2 B

Hymn.

15.

- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by thy side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen or angels known!

Hymn.

Delight in Ordinances.

16.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say, "My God is mine,"
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet, now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

God's Eternity.

Hymn.

17.

C. M.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

The Ministry of Angels.

Hymn.

18.

L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb;

Hymn.

18.

- Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."
3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands
4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.
5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

Hymn.

19.

C. M.

- Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.*
1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!
4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and
In all their motions rose; [brains
"Let blood (said he) flow round the veins,"
And round the veins it flows.
6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;

His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

Backslidings and Returns.

Hymn.

20.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But e'er one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]
- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 [Sin's promised joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]
- 9 [Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!

Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

- 10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

Hymn.

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

21.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!
- 3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wondrous name shall be adored
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

Hymn.

With God is terrible Majesty.

22.

L. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
"With endless burnings who can dwell?
Or bear the fury of a God?"

Hymn

22.

- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye bless'd saints, that love him too,
With reverence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do;
God is a bright and burning flame.

The sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

Hymn.

23.

L. M.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Hymn.

The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.

24.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the
skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Groveling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies!"]
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defiled the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days' labour of a God!]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick relief;
O may he slay this treach'rous guest!
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King.
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise!
Thine everlasting arm we sing;
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

Hymn.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

25.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

God Invisible.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God!
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

Hymn.

25.

Hymn.

26.

L. M.

Hymn.

Praise ye Him, all his Angels.

27.

L. M.

Psalm

cxlviii. 2.

- 1 GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.
- 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'ins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!]
- 8 [Shout to your King, ye heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear:
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to
 Converse a while with death; [rise,
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few :
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But oh! the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay!
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphant there;
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O for some guardian angel nigh
 To bear it safe above!
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust,
 And my flesh waits for thy command
 To drop into the dust.

Redemption by price and power.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
 In his own vital flood:
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chains,

Hymn.

28.

C. M.

Hymn.

29.

C. M.

And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns :

- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

Hymn.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

30.

S. M.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :

Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

Hymn.

30.

- 9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.] [ground

Christ's presence makes Death easy.

Hymn.

31.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy, [are!
And yet we dread to enter there.
2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Frailty and Folly.

Hymn.

32.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

Hymn.

32.

- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

Hymn.

33.

C. M.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred dove!
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

- 7 [But O! what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]
- 8 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannahs languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;

Hymn.

33.

Hymn.

34.

C. M.

Hymn.

35.

C. M.

Hymn.

35.

All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

- 3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 Hosannah! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

Hymn.

36.

S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
"Hosannah to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love?
- 7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!

Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

Christ's Intercession.

Hymn.

37.

C. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
"Hosannah in the highest!"
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

Love to God.

Hymn.

38.

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;

2 C

Hymn.

38.

- Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

Hymn.

39.

C. M.

- The Shortness and Misery of Life.*
- 1 O UR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That Heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

Hymn.

40.

C. M.

- Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.*
- 1 O UR God! how firm his promise stands
E'en when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
 And part of heaven possess'd;
 I praise his name for grace received,
 And trust him for the rest.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this load of guilt remove;
 And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
 On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies!
 What little things these worlds would be!
 How despicable to my eyes!]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
 Vanish as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf
 While rattling thunders round us roll.

6 Great All in All! Eternal King!
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above at thy right hand!

Hymn.

40.

Hymn.

41.

L. M.

Hymn.

42.

Hymn.

42.

C. M.

- Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.]

Hymn.

43.

L. M.

- Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*
- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;

- While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face!
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore;
 Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
 That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
 The land of horror and despair,
 Justice has built a dismal hell,
 And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
 Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
 And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
 Dyed in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
 And roars and bites his iron bands;
 In vain the rebel strives to rise,
 Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
 Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod!
 Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
 But they incensed a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
 Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;

Hymn.

43.

Hymn.

44.

L. M.

Hymn.

45.

L. M.

Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the pole
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs.
But th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

Hymn.

46.

L. M.

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosannah to th' eternal Name!
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it on the ground.
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

Hymn.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!

48.

Hymn.

48.

C. M.

Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Hymn.

49.

C. M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But O! it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet, why my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;

Hymn.

50.

L. M.

Hymn.

51.

L. M.

Hymn.

51.

- Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.]

Hymn.

52.

C. M.

Death dreadful or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face!
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heaven to me,

And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

- 1 **L**ORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]
- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]
- 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]
- 7 [By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;

Hymn.

53.

C. M.

Hymn.

53.

- Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'lers home.]
- 10 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- 11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]
- 12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

Hymn.

54.

C. M.

- God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*
- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:

The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb, [ground,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

Vain Prosperity.

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

Hymn.

55.

C. M.

Hymn.

56.

C. M.

Hymn.

56.

- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you
To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

Hymn.

57.

L. M.

The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below :
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

Hymn.

58.

C. M.

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here,"
But only say, "They're past."]
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name adored.
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

Paradise on earth.

Hymn

59.

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;

Hymn.

59.

C. M.

- That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see 't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd.
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

Hymn.

60.

- The Promises our Security.*
- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;

- Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round,
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where th' eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1 **M**^Y soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;

Hymn.

60.

L. M.

Hymn.

61.

C. M.

2 D

Hymn.

61.

- This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead:
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load!
 And long for evening to undress,
 That we may rest with God!]
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

Hymn.

62.

God the Thunderer.

[Made in a great sudden storm of thunder.—
 August 26, 1697.]

C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore!
 Let death and hell through all their coasts
 Stand trembling at his power!
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne;
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
 And from his awful tongue
 A sovereign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.

- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do!
 He once defied the Lord;
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now
 And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast the rebel worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
 My ears, attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
 Must lie as low as ours!"
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

God the Glory and the Defence of Zion.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;
 Thine holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God!
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against his throne in vain they rage;

Hymn.

63.

C. M.

Hymn.

64.

L. M.

Hymn.

64.

- Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

Hymn.

65.

C. M.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Hymn.

66.

C. M.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;

- Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green:
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore. [flood,

God's Eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there 's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there 's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,

Hymn.

66.

Hymn.

67.

C. M.

While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Hymn.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

68.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While "less than nothing," I could boast
And "vanity confess."]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

B.

69.

C. M

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 [Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad:
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.
- 8 O might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!

I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

Hymn.

God's Dominion over the Sea.

70.

L. M.

Psalm
cvii. 23.

- 1 GOD of the seas! thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious power adored
Amidst these watery nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide!
- 8 Anon they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them.]
- 9 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord; shake the land;

Great Judge! descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let growling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawn-
Beheld our rising God, [ing rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hymn.

71.

C. M.

Hymn

72.

C. M.

Hymn.

72.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay;
 And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King!
 Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannahs ring.]

Hymn.

Doubts scattered.

73.

C. M

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be-
 And leave me to my joys; [gone,
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my head in tears,
 Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
 Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me I was his,
 And my beloved mine!
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
 Revives my joys again.

Hymn.

Repentance from a sense of Divine Goodness.

74.

S. M.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!

What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

- 3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.
4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]
5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Spiritual and Eternal Joy.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
5 [Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;

Hymn.

74.

S. M.

Hymn.

75.

C. M.

And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

Hymn.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

76.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh
And triumph in his eyes.
4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

Hymn.

The Christian Warfare.

77.

L. M.

- 1 **[S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

Hymn.

77.

Hymn.

78.

C. M.

- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

Hymn.

Praise to the Redeemer.

79.

C. M.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.]
- 6 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosannah round the spacious earth
To thine adored name!]

- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.]

God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 **O**H! the Almighty Lord!
 How matchless is his power!
 Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
 While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
 Bow low before his throne:
 Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
 Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
 And with amazing blows
 He deals insufferable pains
 On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
 We love to speak thy praise;
 Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
 The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
 Defend our Sion well;
 And heavenly mercy walls us round
 From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
 That sits enthroned above!
 Thus we adore the God of might,
 And bless the God of love.

Our Sin the cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
 Now I begin to see:
 O the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
 What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
 That thy fair body tore?

Hymn.

80.

S. M.

Hymn.

81.

C. M.

Hymn.

81.

- Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
 With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 My dearest Lord was slain,
 When justice seized God's only Son,
 And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!
 I'll wound my God no more:
 Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
 For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
 From grace's magazine,
 And I'll proclaim eternal war
 With every darling sin.

Hymn.

82.

C. M.

*Redemption and Protection from Spiritual
 Enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
 And triumph in my God;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fix'd my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul he placed;
 And on the Rock of Ages set
 My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
 Is wall'd around with grace,
 Salvation for a bulwark stands
 To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
 And all his legions roar;
 Almighty mercy guards my life,
 And bounds his raging power

6 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
 And tunes of pleasure sing;
 Loud hallelujahs shall address
 My Saviour and my King.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies:
 "Awake, my dreadful sword;
 Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
 My fellow," saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance received the dread command,
 And, armed, down she flies;
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hands,
 And bows his head and dies.
- 3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
 That join with vengeance now!
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his soul away,
 And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
 Let every nation sing;
 And angels sound with endless joy
 The Saviour and the King.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring;
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt;
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,

Hymn.

83.

C. M.

Hymn.

84.

C. M.

Hymn.

84.

- And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murd'rous weapons dyed.]
 4 [The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.]
 5 Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.
 6 No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more;
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heavens adore.
 7 There the Redeemer sits
 High on the Father's throne;
 The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.
 8 There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
 To everlasting days.

Hymn.

85.

C. M.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colours wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith
 And nourish your despair?
 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And aiming at th' eternal throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise:
 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its cursed foundations laid
 Low as the deeps of hell;
 4 See here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace;

Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.

- 5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:

Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous great, how glorious
Must our Creator be, [bright,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

Hymn.

85.

Hymn.

86

C. M.

Hymn.

87.

C. M.

Hymn.

87.

- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!
- 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak pinions of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.]
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.]

Hymn.

88.

C. M.

Salvation

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Hymn.

89.

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;

- His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosannah to our conquering King!
All hail! incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the mighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;

Hymn.

89.

C. M.

Hymn.

90.

C. M.

Hymn.

91.

C. M.

Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **O**H! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore;
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!
- 7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our heart shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,

And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

Hymn.

[Composed for the 5th of November 1694.]

92.

C. M.

1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

Hymn.

God all, and in all.

93.

S. M.

Psalm

lxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

Hymn.

God my only Happiness.

94.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all!

I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3. [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;

'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,

If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;

Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!

Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,

Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;

Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!

Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
And used the Roman sword.

2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,

Hymn.

94.

C. M.

Psalm

lxxiii. 25

Hymn.

95.

C. M.

Hymn.

95.

- When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head;
Break, break my heart! O burst, mine eyes!
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

Hymn.

96.

C. M.

Distinguishing Love.

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save a traitorous race?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?
- 5 O for this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,

And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

Distinguishing Love.

- 1 **F**ROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss, [down;
And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all, we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heavenly day.

Hardness of Heart complained of.

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

Hymn.

97.

L. M.

Hymn

98.

C. M.

Hymn.

99.

C. M.

- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

The Book of God's Decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If life attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays,
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

Hymn.

100.

L. M.

The presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul "Depart."
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?

For I have sought no other home ;

For I have learn'd no other rest.

Hymn.

100

3 I cannot live contented here

Without some glimpses of thy face ;

And heaven without thy presence there

Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,

And hold my thoughts aside from thee,

The shining hours of cheerful light

Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid

Between my Saviour and my soul,

How dull the night ! how sad the shade !

How mournfully the minutes roll !

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon

To live, yet part with all my blood ;

To breathe when vital air is gone,

Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,

My blessed hope, my heavenly prize ;

Dearer than all my passions are,

My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,

Tortures and racks may tear them off ;

But they can never, never part

With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

9 [My God ! and can an humble child,

That loves thee with a flame so high,

Be ever from thy face exiled,

Without the pity of thine eye ?

10 Impossible ! for thine own hands

Have tied my heart so fast to thee,

And in thy book the promise stands,

That where thou art thy friends must be.]

The World's three Chief Temptations.

Hymn.

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,

101.

Hymn.

101.

C. M.

- Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dangerous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
 Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death,
 To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
 And feed on shining dust,
 They rob the serpent of his food
 T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense
 Are dangerous snares to souls;
 There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion and my choice;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my powers rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heaven for you.

A Happy Resurrection.

Hymn.

102.

L. M.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful gasp resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave
 These dying withering limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust,
 My God shall raise my frame anew
 At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
 Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
 Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
 The light of thy returning face,

And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

- 5 [Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

Christ's Commission.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

Reconciliation.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

Hymn.

103.

C. M.

John iii.

16, 17.

Hymn.

104.

S. M.

Hymn.

104.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

Hymn.

105.

C. M.

- Repentance flowing from God's Patience.*
- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear!"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 **O**H, if my soul were form'd for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,
 That crucified my God!
 Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That make my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murderers too.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart;
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear

Hymn.

106.

C. M

Hymn.

107.

C. M.

Hymn.

107.

- 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What, to be banish'd for my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly!]
- 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair!
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands;
 Show me some promise in thy book
 Where my salvation stands!
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring word
 To sink my fears again,
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.]

Hymn.

108.

C. M.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame;
 Our God appear'd "consuming fire,"
 And Vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
 That calm'd his frowning face,
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord;

- No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double flaming sword.
 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
 Are open'd by the Son;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach th' almighty throne.
 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high:
 And glory to th' eternal King
 That lays his fury by.

The Darkness of Providence.

Hymn.

108.

Hymn.

109.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of Providence
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile;
 We through the cloud believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.
 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briers and the night.
 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.

Hymn.

110.

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay!
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

Hymn.

110.

- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Hymn.

111.

C. M.

- Thanksgiving for Victory.*
- 1 **Z**ION, rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

- 6 [Long may the King, our sovereign, live,
To rule us by thy word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

Angels ministering to Christ and the Saints.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts:
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

Angels ministering to Christ and the Saints.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine holy Son had made
His entrance on this earth,

Hymn.

112.

L. M.

Hymn.

113.

C. M.

Hymn.

113.

- A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.
- 8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout
And the last trumpet sound.

Hymn.

114.

C. M.

- Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*
- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
" 'Tis finished!" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;

To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

- 5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

God the Avenger of his Saints.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

Mercies and Thanks.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

Hymn.

115.

C. M.

Hymn.

116.

C. M.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

Hymn.

Living and dying with God present

117.

L. M.

- 1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass th' important hour of death.

Hymn.

The Priesthood of Christ.

118.

L. M.

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
"Revenge," the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high!
Behold, he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve his sword
Become the fav'rites of the Lord!
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

The Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my Lord,
 And not a glimpse of hope appears
 But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my griefs assuage:
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 Almost in every page.
- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
 To quench my thirst of sin;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife
 Where wit and reason fail,
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
 And keeps the world in awe!
 Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
 Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
 And, smiling from above,
 Sends down the gospel of his grace,
 Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
 Our Maker's just commands;

Hymn.

119.

C. M.

Hymn.

120.

S. M.

Hymn.

120.

- The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the
Where beams of mercy shine. [page,

Hymn.

121.

L. M.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once;
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives,
The man that trusts the promise lives.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
 One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity begone;
 In secret silence of the mind
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel armour on,
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings),

Hymn.

122.

L. M.

Hymn.

123

L. M.

Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

- 6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

Hymn.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

124.

C. M.

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.
2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.
4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promised land.
5 Israel, rejoice; now Joshua* leads
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

Hymn.

Faith, Repentance, Unbelief, and Impenitence.

125.

L. M.

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've
done:
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
By faith in God's eternal Son.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

- 2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double vengeance dies.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
 Invites his children near,
 While power and truth and boundless love
 Display their glories here.
- 2 Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;
 A thousand angels learn thy name
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
 Thy wonders here we trace;
 Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
 To our incarnate God;
 And thy revenging justice shows
 Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
 Our warmer thoughts employs,
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
 And more exalts our joys.

Circumcision and Baptism.

[Written only for those who practise the baptism
 of Infants.]

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
 Under the bloody seal of grace:
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

Hymn.

125.

Hymn.

126.

C. M.

Hymn.

127.

L. M.

Hymn.

127.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

Hymn.

128.

C. M.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence
Adam our father stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion, reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

Hymn.

129.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;

- Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear,
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

The New Creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show:
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.
- 2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.
- 3 I'll be a Sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh:
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;

Hymn.

129.

L. M.

Hymn.

130.

C. M.

Hymn.

131.

L. M.

In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands:
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind:
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refined.]
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Hymn.

132.

C. M.

The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

- 3 We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosannah to his glorious name
 Who saves by diff'rent ways:
 His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
 Thy cheering works awake our joys;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

Circumcision abolished.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
 Extensive was the grace;
 "I will the God of Abra'm be,
 And of his num'rous race."
- 2 He said; and with a bloody seal
 Confirm'd the words he spoke:
 Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
 The sharp and painful yoke:
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
 Gave his own flesh to bleed;

Hymn.

133

L. M.

Hymn.

134.

C. M.

And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

- 4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure ;
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

Hymn.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

135.

L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!
- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

Hymn.

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

136.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

Hymn.

137.

L. M.

Hymn.

138.

L. M.

Hymn.

138.

- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too!
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

Hymn.

139.

L. M.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Hymn.

140.

C. M.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears;

They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;

They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,

His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise

For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Faith assisted by Sense.

1 **M**Y Saviour God, my Sovereign Prince,

Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,

They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd

To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood

Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,

So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord that stoops so low

To give his word a seal;

Hymn.

140.

Hymn.

141.

C. M.

But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

Hymn.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

142.

S. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Hymn.

Flesh and Spirit.

143.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

The Effusion of the Spirit.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met,
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of his cross.
- 6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

Hymn.

144.

L. M.

Hymn.

145.

C. M.

- 2 O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

Hymn.

The Vanity of Creatures.

146.

L. M.

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refined.

Hymn.

The Creation of the World.

147.

C. M.

Gen. i.

- 1 “**N**OW let a spacious world arise,”
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear

A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth;
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,

Hymn.

147.

Hymn.

148.

Hymn.

148.

C. M.

- Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Hymn.

149.

C. M.

- Honour to Magistrates.*
- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 [The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;

But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hopes secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

Hymn.

150.

C. M.

Hymn.

151.

L. M.

Hymn.

152.

C. M.

Heb. xii.

18, &c.

Sinai and Sion.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

Hymn.

153.

C. M.

The Distemper, Polly, and Madness of Sin.

- 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,

Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell,
But heaven prevents the fall.]

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 "WHERE are the mourners." saith the
Lord,

"That wait and tremble at my word,
That walk in darkness all the day?
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 ["No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide
Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 "The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose;
Look to my righteousness and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 "Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
With your own hands to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 "This is your portion at my hands;
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair."

Hymn.

153.

Hymn.

154.

L. M.

Hymn.

Christ our Passover.

155.

C. M.

- 1 **L**O, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke:
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

Hymn.

Presumption and Despair.

156.

C. M.

- 1 **I**HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."
- 4 He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
To think of God or death;

For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

- 5 He tells the aged "They must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day."
6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
7 Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

Satan's Devices.

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.
2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll begone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.
3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.
4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

Few saved.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path
With here and there a traveller.

Hymn.

156.

Hymn.

157.

C. M.

Hymn.

158.

L. M.

Hymn.

158.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Hymn.

159.

C. M.

An unconverted State.

- 1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame
How vile is our degenerate race
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engaged in the old serpent's cause
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

Custom in Sin.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
 Put off the spots that nature gives,
 Then may the wicked turn to God,
 And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
 Wash out the darkness of their skin;
 The dead as well may leave their graves,
 As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
 'Twill not endure the least control;
 None but a power divinely strong
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
 That works to change this heart of mine!
 I would be form'd anew, and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

The difficulty of Conversion.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
 The mind and will renew'd;
 Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
 And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
 Where it prevails and rules;
 Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
 Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
 That vile idolatry,
 And every member, every sense,
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint;

Hymn.

160.

L. M.

Hymn.

161.

C. M.

2 H

We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.]
 6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard?
 Thy grace must all my work perform,
 And give the free reward.

Hymn.

Meditation of Heaven.

162.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart:
 He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare!
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

Hymn.

Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.

163.

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore distress;
 Our sins attempt to reign:
 Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
 And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
 Affrights thy feeble sheep;
 Reveal the glory of thy power,
 And chain him to the deep.

- 3 Must we indulge a long despair?
 Shall our petitions die?
 Our mournings never reach thine ear,
 Nor tears affect thine eye?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
 Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
 An Advocate so near the throne
 Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
 To slay our deadly foes;
 Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
 And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
 In height, and depth, and length!
 He made his Son our righteousness,
 His Spirit is our strength.

The End of the World.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
 And every pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
 The sun must end his race,
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
 When the last trumpet sound,
 And call the nations to the skies,
 From underneath the ground?

*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified
 Affections.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord;

Hymn.

163.

C. M.

Hymn.

164.

C. M.

Hymn.

165.

Hymn.

165.

C. M.

- But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

Hymn.

166.

C. M.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
- 2 [The great Invisible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.]
- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]
- 4 [Speak we of strength? his arm is strong
To save or to destroy;

Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;

Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!

His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

The Divine Perfections.

Hymn.

166.

Hymn.

167.

L. M.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His sovereign power what mortal knows!
If he command, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;

Hymn.

167.

- He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]
6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]
8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his justice on our side.]
9 [Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
10 O tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

Hymn.

168.

L. M.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
3 Through all his works his wisdom shines
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?

Then let my songs with angels' join:
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs.
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name, | Join all my powers
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

- 1 **[C]**AN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?

Hymn

169.

As the
148th
Psalm.

Hymn.

170.

L. M.

Hymn.

170.

- His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of the mind,
And swells and snuffs the empty wind.]
4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?
5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF BOOK II.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food : "
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood. "
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]
- 6 " Do this, " he cried, " till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord. "

Hymn.

1.

L. M.

1 Cor. xi.
23, &c.

- 7 [Jesus: thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

Hymn.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints.

2.

S. M.

1 Cor. x.
16, 17.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Hymn.

The New Testament in the Blood of Christ.

3.

C. M.

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good,"
He said: and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;

- I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

Christ's dying Love.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]
- 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now though he reigns exalted high
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died;

Hymn.

3.

Hymn.

4.

C. M.

Hymn.

4.

And see the sorrows of his soul
 Bleed through his wounded side.]
 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesus' dying love;
 Hard is the wretch that never feels
 One soft affection move.]
 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Hymn.

5.

C. M.

John vi.

31, 35, 39.

Christ the Bread of Life.

1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,
 'Tis he our souls hath fed:
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And thou the immortal bread.
 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.
 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
 Who ate that heavenly bread;
 But these provisions which we taste
 Can raise us from the dead.]
 4 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
 To nourish dying men;
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.
 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
 Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.
 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
 But Christ our life shall come:
 His unresisting power shall raise
 Our bodies from the tomb.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of Life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Hymn.

6.

L. M.

John xvi.

16; Luke

xxii. 19;

John xiv.

3.

Hymn.

7.

L. M.

Gal. vi.

14.

Hymn.

7.

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.]
 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Hymn.

The Tree of Life.

8.

C. M.

- 1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune
 To our exalted Lord,
 Ye saints on high around his throne,
 And we around his board.
 2 While once upon this lower ground
 Weary and faint ye stood,
 What dear refreshments here ye found
 From this immortal food!]
 3 The tree of life, that near the throne
 In heaven's high garden grows,
 Laden with grace, bends gently down
 Its ever-smiling boughs.
 4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there stands
 The sweet celestial Dove;
 And Jesus on the branches hangs
 The banner of his love.]
 5 ['Tis a young heaven of strange delight,
 While in his shade we sit;
 His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
 And to the taste as sweet.
 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
 And cheers the drooping mind;
 Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
 Without a sting behind.]
 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
 And guard all Eden's trees;

There 's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.
2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood.
5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]
6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfil his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;

Hymn.

9.

S. M.

1 John v.

6.

Hymn.

9.

- And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.
- 10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

Hymn.

10.

L. M.

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete:
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
 How heavenly is the place
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
 And sweetest glories shine;
 There Jesus says that "I am his,
 And my beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," says the kind, redeeming Lord,
 And shows his wounded side;
 "See here the spring of all your joys,
 That open'd when I died."
- 4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
 And tells of all his pain;
 "All this," says he, "I bore for thee;"
 And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
 For grace so vast as this?
 He brings our pardon to our eyes,
 And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these
 Be sounded all abroad;
 Such favours are beyond degrees,
 And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
 Be everlasting praise;
 Salvation, honour, glory, power,
 Eternal as his days.]

The Gospel Feast.

Hymn.

- 1 **[H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
 Thy table furnish'd from above!
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family the Jews
 Were first invited to the feast; 2 I

12.

L. M.

Luke xiv.

16, &c.

Hymn.

12.

- We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost,
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

Hymn.

13.

C. M.

Luke xiv.

17, 22, 23.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the
Guests.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
“ Lord, why was I a guest?

- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

The Song of Simeon.

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embraced our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepared like his?
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israël here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

Hymn.

13.

Hymn.

14.

L. M.

Luke ii.

28.

Hymn.

15.

C. M.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 [THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung!
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did;
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends:
"Come, my beloved, eat," he cries,
"And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 ["My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains;
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these, my pierced veins."]
- 6 Hosannah to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at the heavenly feast.]

Hymn.

16.

C. M.

The Agonies of Christ.

- 1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compared with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;

Each of us hopes, he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.

- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

- 5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day;
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

The Flesh and Blood of Christ.

- 1 [WE sing the amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, is thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

- 3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

- 4 In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round;

Hymn.

16.

Hymn.

17.

S. M.

Hymn.

17.

- For there was no such blessed fruit
 In all that happy ground.
 5 Th' angelic host above
 Can never taste this food;
 They feast upon their Maker's love,
 But not a Saviour's blood.
 6 On us the Almighty Lord
 Bestows this matchless grace,
 And meets us with some cheering word,
 With pleasure in his face.
 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
 And banquet with the King;
 This wine will drown your sad complaints,
 And tune your voice to sing--
 8 Salvation to the name
 Of our adored Christ;
 Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
 His glory in the highest.

Hymn.

18.

L. M.

- The Flesh and Blood of Christ.*
 1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet;
 Thy table is divinely stored:
 Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat;
 'Tis living bread: we thank thee, Lord!
 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
 We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine
 Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
 From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
 For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
 In vain we search the globe around
 For bread so fine, or wine so good.
 4 Carnal provisions can at best
 But cheer the heart, or warm the head:
 But the rich cordial that we taste
 Gives life eternal to the dead.
 5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
 His name our souls for ever bless:

To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosannah round the place.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

The Provisions of the Table of our Lord.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit;
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food 's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasures well refined;
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

Hymn.

19.

L. M.

Hymn.

20.

C. M.

- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
 Ye saints that taste his wine;
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud hosannahs join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
 That gives such joy as this;
 Hosannah! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where Jesus is.

Hymn.

21.

C. M.

Christ's Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.

- 1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
 High as our joys arise,
 And join the songs above the sky,
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
 And conquer'd when he fell;
 That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
 Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]
- 3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
 To this triumphal feast,
 And brings immortal blessings down
 For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
 How kind his smiles appear!
 And O! what humble words he says
 To every humble ear!
- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
 It was for you I died;
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 And look into my side.
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
 The tokens of my pains,
 When I came down to free your souls
 From misery and chains.
- 7 ["Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
 And plunged it in my heart;
 Infinite pangs for you I bore,
 And most tormenting smart.

Hymn.

21.

- 8 "When hell and all its spiteful powers
 Stood dreadful in my way,
 To rescue those dear lives of yours,
 I gave my own away.
- 9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
 I ruin'd Satan's throne;
 High on my cross I hung, and spied
 The monster tumbling down.
- 10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
 And taste my flesh and blood;
 And live eternal ages bless'd,
 For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
 For favours so divine?
 We would devote our hearts away
 To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tributes of our tongues;
 But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

Hymn.

22.

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
 O that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
 The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
 He from the threat'nings set us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
 And nail'd the curses to the tree.]
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
 And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.

- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood;
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

Hymn.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

23.

C. M.

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

Hymn.

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

24.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,

- Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.
- 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

Divine Glories and Graces.

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God, how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs our sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

Hymn.

24.

Hymn.

25.

C. M.

DOXOLOGIES.

[I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman Church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added also a few hosannahs, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.]

1.

L. M.

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

C. M.

2.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites, to proclaim
The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

S. M.

3.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace, conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

- 5 To the great One in Three,
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

4.

L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in persons Three,
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

5.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

6.

S. M.

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

7.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Be honour, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M.

8.

ALL glory to thy wondrous name
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

C. M.

9.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

10.

HONOUR to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One:
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

S. M.

11.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

S. M.

12.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity.

As the 148th Psalm.

13.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;

13.

He sent his own	To die for sins
Eternal Son	That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:

And now he lives,	And sees the fruit
And now he reigns,	Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;

His work completes	And fills the soul
The great design,	With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:

Where reason fails	There faith prevails,
With all her powers,	And love adores.

14.

As the 148th Psalm.

1 **T**O Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;

To Him that form'd	Is endless praise
Our hearts anew,	And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannahs on our tongues:

Our lips address	With equal praise,
The Spirit's name	And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,

For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:

Thus heavens shall raise | When earth and time
His honours high, | Grow old and die.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise.

And while our lips | Our faith adores
Their tribute bring, | The name we sing.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son
And Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in One,

Salvation, power, | By all on earth,
And praise be given, | And all in heaven.

The Hosannah.

1 **H**OSANNAH to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

C. M.

1 **H**OSANNAH to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosannah to th' incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;

15.

16.

17.

L. M.

18.

2 K

Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

S. M.

19.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

As the 148th Psalm

20.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the King
Of David's ancient blood!
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young | And at his feet
Attend his way, | Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head | And every age
Shall honours rest, | Pronounce him bless'd

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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